



Parr Sculp



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T A L E S
AND
N O V E L S
IN
V E R S E.

FROM THE
French of *LA FONTAINE*.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

Published and Completed
By *SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;*

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

L O N D O N:

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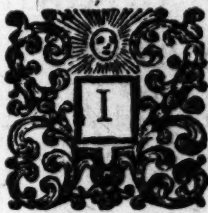
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Monsieur La Fontaine's

P R E F A C E.

 Had once determined not to consent to any Impression of these Tales, till I had compleated those of *Boccace*, which are most agreeable to my Taste ; but I was advised, by some Friends, to publish as many of these Trifles as I had already finished, lest any longer Delay should cool the Curiosity of the Public, which is still in its first Warmth. For my Part, I was easily prevailed

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vailed upon to comply with this Intimation, and became sensible that it was my Interest to improve so favourable an Opportunity. Such a Proceeding is, undoubtedly, very allowable ; and, indeed, I might justly be taxed with Vanity, should I disregard an Advantage of so much Importance. It is sufficient, if I refuse to suffer any Person to be imposed upon, in my Favour ; and decline the Practice of some People, who only acquire Friends to gain a little Popularity by their Interest. These are Creatures of a Cabal, and very different from that *Spaniard*, who valued himself for being the Offspring of his own Works. But though I may have as much Occasion as any other Person, to play off these little Arts upon the Public, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to have Recourse to any such Expedients ; and shall only endeavour, if possible, to accommodate my Pen to the Taste of the present Age ; since I am sensible, by Experience, that nothing can be more necessary than such a Resolution. It can never be said,
that

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that all Seasons are favourable to all Sorts of Books. We have seen quaint Stanzas, Metamorphoses, and other poetical Conceits, in great Esteem ; but these little Pleasantries of Fancy, are no longer fashionable in the polite World ; so certain it is, that those Performances which please in one Period of Time, may be intirely disrelished in another. Works of Solidity and masterly Beauties are the only Productions which have the Peculiarity of being transmitted through all Ages with universal Applause, and without any other Passport than the real Merit which attends them. But as my Writings are very distant from such a Degree of Perfection, I am obliged, in Prudence, to keep them in my Cloiset, till some favourable Season permits them to appear in Public. This is the Principle by which I have conducted myself, with Respect to the present Edition, in which I have inserted several new Tales, because Performances of that Cast, have some Conformity to the Taste which now prevails, and may possibly be favoured
with

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with a candid Reception. Some of them I have lengthened with Additions, and thought it proper to retrench a few Superfluities in Others, with no other View, than to give an agreeable Diversity to the Work. and to incommode my Readers as little as possible. But I have amused myself, perhaps, with Flights of Imagination, that may appear very insignificant to the Public, whilst I have Reason, at the same Time, to be apprehensive of Objections which may seem much more important than any Performance of mine. It may be said, that an Air of Levity and Licentiousness is diffused through the Book ; as it may be likewise censured for trespassing on the Respect due to the Fair Sex ; and these are the two Objections which seem to have the greatest Weight. As to the first, I must take the Liberty to declare, that this Turn of Writing, which some People believe to be so exceptionable, is inseparable from the very Essence of a Tale : And it is an indispensable Law, according to *Horace*, or rather, it is the Dictate of Reason and common

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mon Sense, to make the Thoughts and Style conformable to the Subject. And I will not suppose, that any one can imagine I ought not to write on such Topicks, as well as many other Authors, who have exercised their Abilities on such Points with great Success ; and these Objections cannot condemn me, without extending their Censure to *Ariosto* himself, and the Antients who wrote before him. Perhaps I may be told, that it would have been better for me to have suppressed some particular Circumstances, or at least to have softened them with such Shadowings as would have drawn a proper Disguise over them. I confess nothing can be more easy than such a Method ; but I must add, that this Precaution would have entirely weakened and dispirited the Vivacity of the Tale, and given it such an Air of Languor as would have deprived it of all its Beauty. Such a Degree of Circumspection is only necessary in Works that promise much Purity and Coyness of Thought, either from the Subject itself, or the Manner in which

[a]

it

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it is proposed to be treated ; and I freely acknowledge, that, in such Instances as these, the Imagination should be confined to regular Limits, and the more they are contracted, the greater will be the Satisfaction resulting from that Moderation ; but, at the same Time, it must be granted, that when this Regard to Delicacy becomes too rigid and scrupulous, it infallibly spoils the whole Performance. That Person who would soften *Boccace* into the same bashful Air which appears in *Virgil*, would give the Publick no extraordinary Performance, and must inevitably violate the Laws of Writing, and trespass upon the Punctilios of Decorum, by too much Solitude to preserve them. And that I may obviate all Misapprehensions with Respect to Verse and Prose, I shall take this Opportunity to declare, that an excessive Modesty, and a proper Decorum are very different in their Natures. The last, according to *Cicero*, consists in Expressions suitable to the Subject, with Respect to Time and Place, as well as the Persons we propose to

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to entertain. This Principle being once established, an Author cannot be taxed with any Defect of Judgment, when he endeavours to divert his Contemporaries with a Set of Tales written with a sprightly Freedom of Thought ; and I am persuaded that, in this Instance, I have not offended against any known Maxims of Morality. If there be any Circumstance, in our Writings, capable of affecting the Mind with warm Impressions, I am sensible it is not to be imputed to the lively Turn of these Tales ; the Effects which flow from that are very transient, and I should rather be apprehensive of that soft Melancholy, with which the chastest and most delicate of our Romances naturally affect the Imagination of their Readers, and which, in its Consequence, proves an insinuating Preparative to Love. As to the *Second* Objection, which charges me with taking injurious Liberties with the Fair Sex, it would have some Foundation, if I had expressed myself with a serious Air ; but surely it must be very evident, that I

[a 2]

have

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have only indulged a few sportive Sallies of Fancy, and consequently they can never be attended with any disagreeable Effect. There is no Reason to be apprehensive that they will cause Marriages to be less frequent for the future, and make Husbands more circumspect and suspicious than they were before. It may, perhaps, be further objected to me, that these Tales have no Foundation in Nature, or at least none but what may easily be destroyed : In a Word, that they are crouded with Absurdities, and have not the least Tincture of Probability. To this I shall reply, that I can produce Vouchers for my Vindication, and that it is not an Air of Truth or Probability, but the peculiar Manner of relating a Tale which constitutes its Beauty and Perfection. These are the principal Objections against which I thought it necessary to defend myself ; all the rest I give up to the Critics ; and indeed it would be an endless Task to attempt to answer every Exception. A Critic is never to be silenced, and will constantly raise fresh Scruples to exercise

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exercise his detracting Abilities upon ; and though I should clear up any Objections which, at present, I may be able to foresee, he would soon recruit himself with a Number of others to perpetuate the Controversy.



EPITA-

E P I T A P H E
D E
Mr. De La FONTAINE
Faite par lui-même.

*J*EAN s'en alla comme il étoit venu,
Mangeant son fonds après son revenu,
Croyant le bien chose peu nécessaire.
Quant a son temps bien sçut le dispenser,
Deux parts en fit, dont il fouloit passer,
L'une à dormir, & l'autre à ne rien faire.

Monsieur De La FONTAINE's Epitaph
written by Himself. Englished by Mr.
HUMPHREYS.

*J*OH N, ever in Life's Farce the same,
Slipt off as careless as he came,
He spent whatever came to Hand,
His Rents went first, and then the Land,
In Chattels he as little prided,
And for his Time 'twas thus divided ;
One half he slept, and in the other
Did nothing, for he hated Pothor,



THE
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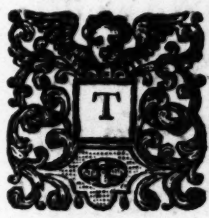
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THE
EDITOR'S
PREFACE.

HE TALES and NOVELS of
Monsieur De La Fontaine, have
received so much Approbation
from the Polite Part of Man-
kind, that it is almost impossible to give
the Reader any Instances of their Merit,
which have not been anticipated by every
A Per-

Person of real Taste, who has been conversant with that Work.

This incomparable Author was born with a perfect Genius for that amiable Simplicity of Writing, which never fails to delight the Judicious, and is not to be imitated by the elaborate Formality of meer Art and Learning : Nature held up her unconfused Mirror to his View ; and all the Objects which he, afterwards, distributed throughout his Compositions, were delineated, with the finest Touches, from that unerring Original.

The Vivacity of his Wit was always adjusted by the sedatest Judgment, and both these Accomplishments, which are so seldom united in one Person, were blended in his Imagination with such a nice Equality, that the Austerity of the One, never tyrannized over the Sprightliness of the Other :

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Other : From this harmonious Conjunction resulted that correct Delicacy which is so conspicuous in all his Writings, and which will infallibly recommend them to every Reader, who prefers the genuine Glow of Nature, before the false Colourings of feeble Art, and thinks an easy Simplicity superior to a laboured Affectation.

The Objections, which some Persons of very untractable Morals, may be disposed to form, against the Manner in which our Author has related these amusing Tales, have been considered by him, and answered, in his own *Preface* ; and as he has been thought to have defended himself, with the greatest Justice, from those Imputations, I have translated that Piece, as thinking it a much better Vindication of his Conduct, than any which I could possibly offer in his Favour.

I have, likewise, thought it necessary for me to declare, that I was not easily prevailed upon to engage in those Translations which I have attempted, and are now presented to the Public: I am too sensible of my own Insufficiency in this Particular, to be ever capable of entertaining a vain Opinion of my Abilities for such a difficult Undertaking; and think it no Disgrace to acknowledge, that, tho' I am transported when I read *Fontaine*, yet I almost tremble when I translate him.

It is a considerable Time, since I was first solicited to turn my Thoughts to a Version of this celebrated Poet, and it is but very lately that I complied: I may add too, that no Consideration could have induced me to charge myself with such a Province, had not a Specimen, which was
refer-

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referred to some Gentlemen, whom I have all imaginable Reason to esteem competent Judges, received more Approbation than I could really expect ; but with all that Advantage, I still sincerely wish, I may have given the Proprietors of this Undertaking, no Cause to repent of their Importunity.

I hope the Public will do me the Justice to believe, that I have not made a Version of *Hans Carvel*, with the least View of setting my Performance in Competition with Mr. *Prior's* ; had that Gentleman's charming Verses been a Translation of *Fontaine*, I am very certain I should never have attempted another ; but as he was pleased to vary entirely from the Original, tho' in a Manner hardly capable of Imitation, I was willing to confine myself to my Author, and represent
his

vi *The* EDITOR'S, &c.

his own Sentiments to the best of my Capacity.

Those Gentlemen, whose Names are affixed to their Translations, in this Volume, would be injured by me, should I think it necessary to introduce them, with any other Recommendation, than what they have already merited, by the Justice they have shewn to *Fontaine*.

As the Remainder of this Work will be, chiefly, if not altogether, intrusted to my Care, I shall endeavour to compleat it, with all the Expedition consistent with the Attention it requires; and if what I now offer to the Public, should be so fortunate, as to obtain a favourable Reception; I shall certainly acquit myself of what is yet incumbent on me, with the greater Alacrity.

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I am not at all anxious, with Respect to any Censures I may sustain from those, who think it beneath them to indulge the generous Impressions of Candour and Benevolence to One, who is desirous of affording them all the Satisfaction and Amusement in his Power, without the least Inclination to depreciate the Performances of Others; or arrogate to his Own, that Merit, to which his impartial Contemporaries shall think he has not any tensions.

Samuel Humphreys.

ERRATA.

PAGE 108, ----- read Verse the 13th thus,
Her Books, to End from the Beginning,

Page 117, Line ult. for *much*, read *oft*.

Page 119, Line 15, read *Artists*.

Page 121, Line 16, for *Spacious*, read *Specious*.



I O C O N D E:
OR THE
QUEEN and the DWARF;
A
N O V E L.

From ARIOSTO.

Translated by Mr. TOPHAM.

Revised by Mr. ROWE.



IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of *Yore*,
 A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore ;
 A Prince, who never fail'd to move
 Each Heart with Envy or with Love.
 As in the Glass he did one Day
 From Head to Foot himself survey,
 Can any Man alive, says he,
 For Shape and Face compare with me ?
 Whoe'er shall such a Person bring,
 Upon the Honour of a King,

The QUEEN and the DWARF.

May claim my Favour, and depend
I'll make the charming Guest my Friend.

A *Roman* Knight was standing by,
And made the Monarch this reply :
Your Majesty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty : Give me leave,
To fetch my Brother, and you'll see
None, but your self, has more than he.
But that may easily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly share
The Pains you take to please the Fair ;
And may, while you pursue new Game,
Solace the poor forsaken Dame.

Astolpho answer'd thereupon ;
For so they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much desire
To know this Brother ; bring the Squire.

4 *JOCONDE: or,*

The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
Joconde we'll his Name suppose.

He in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
Join'd to a young and charming Spouse:
But whether bless'd in Nuptial Vows
With such a Mate, he best cou'd tell;
His Neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,
He instantly to Court must go;
Where he'd be sure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.
But then alas! this charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Express'd so movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go;
Protesting against all Relief,
She seems to triumph in her Grief,

Puts on her Tragic-Airs and tries
To draw Tears from *Joconde's* Eyes :
And can you leave Me ? then wept she,
Joconde ! so much Cruelty ?
Ah ! will you to my tender Care
The Pageantry of Courts prefer ?
Can you forget your faithful Wife,
The Pleasures of a Rural Life,
That calm Repose and Peace of Mind,
Which none in Crouds nor Courts can find,
These flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
Softens the Soul to pleasing Dreams,
These Woods which shelter us from Heat,
Where Birds their various Songs repeat ;
The rising Hills, and winding Vales,
And Ev'ning's sweet refreshing Gales,
Those coy Recesses of the Grove,
Those Seats of Innocence and Love !
But ah ! what *should* engage your Stay,
I fear most hastens you away !

You scorn in Solitude to shine,
And slight an easy Heart like mine.
Go cruel Man, be vain ! and shew
Those Charms, which none can boast but you.
What *Jocond* offer'd, to abate
Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
Our Story mentions not : We'll say,
His Sorrow took his Speech away ;
A method which will best excuse
The Squire, and disengage my Muse.
The Wife, when now with broken Heart
She saw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former Blissés,
And stifling him with Tears and Kisses,
A Bracelet gave him as a Charm
To keep his precious Life from Harm.
Take and wear This, my Dear, says she ;
And when you see it, Think of Me.
An honest-meaning Body might
Have thought she wou'd have dy'd that Night.

Well

Well *Jocond* went ; but on the Road,
About two Leagues from his Abode,
The Bracelet came into his Head,
Which he had left on Spouse's Bed,
As having taken there his Leave ;
This strange Neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender Heart, and gallop'd back,
Not knowing what Excuse to make.
To the dear Bed in haste he flies ;
And on his *Wife's* chaste Bosom spies
A *Lubbar-Hind* ; and both so fast
Asleep, as if they slept their last.
Jocond, at first, resolv'd they shou'd :
But having paus'd a while, thought good
To let this vile *Adult'ry* rest :
And in my Judgment that was best.
For in such nice Affairs, the Wise
Make use of neither Ears nor Eyes.

Whether 'twas Wisdom or Compassion
With-held the Husband's Indignation,
Or that the Poet was unwilling
To damp a merry Tale, with Killing ;
Base Woman Live ! *Joconde* said,
Let thy own Conscience thee upbraid,
He then took Horse, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to snore it out,
Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple whom he left behind ;
And fretting as he scour'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song :
Had some brisk Wit or powder'd Beau,
Or Colonel lac'd from Top to Toe ;
Or Page been chosen for her Use,
She might have pleaded some Excuse :
But after sighing, swooning, sobbing,
Zoons, to debauch that Booby ROBIN !

Then

Then spurr'd his Horse with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Passion.

Such keen Reflections on his Case
Had giv'n the Squire a dismal Face.
The Ladies, when they saw him, said
Lord ! is the Man alive or dead !
Is this the beautiful *Narcissus*
Was sent for, in Post-haste, to Kiss Us !
Heav'ns did you ever see a Fellow,
With Sides so lank, and Face so yellow !
The *King* was pleas'd, the *Knight* was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire asham'd.

Joconde worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton ;
And still one easily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face :
But wanting Life, and Force, to fire
The Ladies Bosoms with Desire.

Sauntring

Sauntring one Day about the Court,
In Places of the least Resort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
That open'd to a Gallery ;
And from a private Closet there,
These tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my charming Boy !
Must I then still my Vows apply
To one, so Lovely and so Shy ?
A Thousand glitt'ring Beaux wou'd fain
Do what you may, yet wish in vain.
When *Florimel* the Message brought,
You curs'd her, call'd her all to naught ;
And heedless of my Am'rous Rage,
Play'd at *Lansquenet* with a Page.
Rather than ease the fond Desires
Of her who for your Love expires,

Jocond'

Focond' was puzz'led, and one may
Give any one at least a Day
To guess the Nymph who humbly su'd,
And Swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
Now who shou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the *King's* ugly Dwarf ! and *She*,
In whose Embraces *he* was seen
The bright *Astolpho's* haughty *Queen* !
The crazy Wainscot was but slight,
And at a Chink let in the Light ;
Where *Focond'* with Amazement saw
These tender Lovers thro' the Flaw,

Both did on *Florimel* rely,
To be secure of Privacy ;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too perhaps had her Amour,
Which took up all her Thought and Care ;
So mindful of her own Affair ;

Forgot

Forgot th' Importance of her Post,
And heedlessly the Key had lost ;
Which *Jocond* kept for future Use,
And pleaded thus his Wife's excuse.

I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
Among the better Sort of Folks :
A *Royal Dame* for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine.
Since such a *Princess* flights the *King*
For such an ugly, little thing,
I think my Wife was less to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
Thus having set his Mind at peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increase ;
His hollow Cheeks begin to rise
Fresh Vigour sparkles in his Eyes,
A second Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.

The Fair with eager Looks pursue,
The Man they lately scorn'd to view ;
Transported with his sudden Charms,
And die to clasp him in their Arms.

Joconde having heard and seen,
What pass'd betwixt the *Dwarf* and *Queen*,
He thought he cou'd on no Pretence,
Hide this Smock-Treason from the Prince.
But that he might the less displease,
Open'd the Matter by degrees ;
And as it fell in Conversation,
Had always ready some Quotation,
To shew, that Heroes in all Ages,
Ne'er wanted Matrimonial Badges.
Dread Sir, says he, the Proudest Shees
Make frequently such Slips as these ;
And many Dames of Regal Station
Have condescended to the Fashion :
Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit, and Sense,
Have against *Horns* found no Defense ;

But

But when they had 'em, always bore
Their Fronts as upright as before.

The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear Spouse to wait on you,
I was convinc'd by her Miscarriage,
That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
Then did each Circumstance relate
Of His, and of the Monarch's Fate.

The *King* was fir'd : You seem, says he,
A Man of Sense and Probity ;
Yet, tell me where I may behold
With my own Eyes what you have told.
He did ; and plac'd him, where unseen,
He saw the *Dwarf* upon the *Queen*.
Struck with the Baseness of the Crime,
He stood astonish'd for a time ;
Then said, Our Wives, the more's their shame,
Have play'd Us but a scurvy Game :

Yet

Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
Let us, *Joconde*, both go travel;
And try what Fortune we shall find
Among the rest of *Womankind*.
To put in practice this Design,
Change you Your Name, and I'll change Mine.
Great EquiPAGE wou'd trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the State of *King*,
Lay dull Formality aside,
And all Things equally *divide*.
Bare-foot I round the World will roam,
Quoth *Jocond* rather than go home.
All that your Majesty requires,
Is what my injur'd Heart desires.
We'll ramble, till we have forgot
The dire Effects of *Hymen's* Knot.

So be it then, the King reply'd;
But first a Table-Book provide,

To

To take the Names of Those we find
Pliant to our Desires, and Kind.
It won't be long, I dare engage,
Ere *Italy* fills ev'ry Page ;
For She that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flatt'ry or by Gold.

Both thus equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table-Book,
The many Favours they receiv'd,
Were hard to tell or be believ'd.
Each lovely Nymph when they appear,
Puts on her most becoming Air,
And ev'ry study'd Grace displays,
Happy if she obtain their Praise ;
But happier She, whose killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
Grow warm and soften in a trice :

Where-

Where-e'er they come they meet fresh Prey,
And a new Face for ev'ry Day;
Round all the Country strole for Prizes;
And fail no *May-Pole*, nor *Affizes*.
In ev'ry Town take special Care
To finish *Alderman* and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly swells,
In *Folio-Book* the nicest Dame
Is proud to register her Name:
Your Criticks will object that I
Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magistrate,
Who know themselves of high Degree,
Will not be rowz'd *Extempore*.
It may be so; but I want time
To draw their Courtship out in Rhyme.
As to the Fact, I here unfold it,
As honest *Ariosto* told it.

When our Gallants had had their Swing,
 And slak'd their Thirst at ev'ry Spring,
Astolpho cry'd we can subdue
 What Heart soever we pursue :
 But, if Old *Galen's* Rule hold good,
 It is with Love, as 'tis with Food ;
 In which Variety of Meat
 Is apt to make one ever Eat.
 We'll have a single Dish in common,
 That is, between us Both, *one* Woman,
 Quoth *Jocond'* what you say is true ;
 The pretty Marchioness will do.
 I'm not dispos'd to have a Flame,
 The King reply'd, for such a Dame :
 A little Sempstress might be found,
 As fair as Marchioness, and sound.
 To such we need no Homage pay ;
 In Public Walks, or at the Play :

But

The QUEEN and the DWARF.

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But without making any Rout,
To Ogle her, or lead her out,
Whate'er we wish, may do with Ease,
And are in no Constraint to Please.

Joconde ask'd, what if we try
The Daughter of our Landlady ?
She is a Maid I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' Twelve Years Old.
Your Motion's good, *Astolpho* said,
If I may have the Maidenhead :
This Privilege at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy ; let me claim
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference,
Allow me here to play the Prince ;
In this one single Branch I'd strive
To keep up my Prerogative.

Joconde said, in such a Case
How, Sir, can Flesh and Blood give Place ?

In all things else, I shall be still
Obedient to your Royal Will ;
But if you please, we'll leave this Cause
To the Decision of two Straws.
Draw Lots they did, with earnest Care,
For this imaginary Ware.
Joconde claim'd, in Point of Law,
By virtue of the longest Straw.

This little Virgin being come,
On some small Errand, to their Room ;
Both King and Squire the Girl caress'd,
Her Beauty prais'd, her Bubbies press'd ;
Then shew'd a RING, so sparkling shone,
That Night engag'd her for their own,
And whilst her careful Mother slept,
She softly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the Middle plac'd her,
And honestly, by Turns, embrac'd her.

To

To the Contentment of all Three,
Joconde was in Extacy !
To think how he had got with Might,
Entry and Seisin of his Right.
I'll pardon Him, for 'tis in vain,
On that Point to have any Pain,
In which all Girls with little Trouble,
Can the most artful Sportsman bubble ;
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
Doth somewhere, as I'm told, Remark.

Thus all went well ; the Damsel play'd,
To greatest Nicety, the Maid ;
Tho' long had her Fantastic Toy,
Been yielded to a 'Prentice Boy.
But merrily *one* Night they pass
Abundantly to her Solace ;
The same the *next*, and 'tis averr'd
She pass'd as merrily the *third*.

The 'Prentice wonder'd to behold
His Mistress grown so very cold,
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he found how Matters went ;
And did in Terms severe reprove
The Wench for being false to Love.
She whimper'd ; but confess'd, at last,
The *Contract* she had lately pass'd.
And, to appease him, thus she said ;
If there be Credit in a Maid,
Soon as these naughty Guests are gone,
I'm yours again, and yours Alone.
A Fig, says he, for any Guest ;
Kiss me, this very Night, you'd best.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way *to do't*, can you devise ?
These Folks to whom I am engag'd,
If I shou'd fail, wou'd be enrag'd ;

And

And keep the RING, for which, you know,
What Pains I Nightly undergo.
I'll get the RING, says he, for you,
And gratify my Humour too.
Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,
Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep
My Post between 'em both, for *One*
Lies still but while his *Friend* has done ;
So that I seldom want Employ.
At their first snoring, says the Boy,
I'll visit You, and ask no more
Than that you wouldn't shut the Door.
She left it open, and He came
To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame ;
Then sliding up between the Sheets,
(Love ever favours these Deceits)
Plac'd himself close, tho' G—d knows how,
But *Ariosto* does avow,
That tho' the Lovers did awake,
Soon as the Bed began to shake,

Yet, all the while the Boy was at her,
They neither of 'em smok'd the Matter,
What has my Camrade eat to-night ?
To fire his Blood and force Delight,
Astolpho thought ; still lay the *Squire*
Much wond'ring at the Monarch's Fire.
In the mean time the sturdy Boy
His precious Time did well employ :
And as the Day began to peep,
Th' Advent'urers being fast asleep,
The Lad slipt off ; the little Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When these Knights-Errant were awake,
The KING, *Joconde* thus bespake.
Great Sir ! with glorious Toils oppress'd,
Compose your weary Limbs to Rest ;
And after such unusual Pains,
Consult the Welfare of your Reins.

Odds-

Odds-fish, the merry Prince reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride :
'Till, tir'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame ;
But, had you sooner quench'd your Flame,
I wou'd have made a Post or Two ;
And that's as much as I cou'd do,
Joconde cry'd, there's no Dispute
With *Kings* who will be Absolute :
But for the future, I'll beware
How Monarchs in my Pleasures share.
The *King* was piqu'd at this Retort ;
Some Princes wou'd have quarrell'd for't ;
But he, good Man, reply'd dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of this Debate.
Then calling *Lucy* up in haste,
To tell them how Affairs had pass'd,
Eager each other to refute,
Both told the Cause of their Dispute ;
She, blushing on her Knees did fall,
Ask'd Pardon, and discover'd All.

They

They wou'd not treat the Wanton ill ;
But, after having laugh'd their fill,
Gave her the RING and fifty Crowns,
To buy new Topknots, Gloves and Gowns ;
With which the Baggage soon was Wed ;
When Modestly, in Bridal Bed,
She lost, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did *Astolpho* and his Friend
To these Adventures put an End ;
Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with Laurels,
Which tho' not gain'd by Warlike Quarrels,
Yet shall immortalize their Names
As long as *Cupid's* Altar flames,
Laurels more fair than those attain'd
By Battles won or Cities gain'd ;
More fair, altho' they only cost
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears at most ;

And

And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by Dint of Charms.

Their *Table-Book* quite full of Names,
Of *Belles* who had well quench'd their Flames.

Come, says the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have spent our Fire.

E'en let us to our Homes resort,
You to the *Country*, I to *Court*.

Our Wives are loose beneath the Waist,
And Other's are not over-chaste.

'Tis in Misfortunes some Relief
To have Companions in our Grief ;

Then let us both like prudent Men,
Return and take our Dames again.

That Love which *Hymen* had subdu'd,
Perhaps our Absence has renew'd.

And as *Astolpho* had Divin'd,
Their Wives were mighty fond and kind,

After

After some chiding, more for Fashion
Ariosto tells us, than in Passion,
They strove lost Pleasures to retrieve,
As fast as Love wou'd give 'em leave ;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked *Dwarf*, or *Lubbar'd-Hind*.

Then let us not with fruitless Care,
Expect Perfection in the Fair ;
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em,
And stedfastly this Truth believe,
That every WOMAN is an EVE.



Le MULETIER:
OR, THE
AMOROUS GROOM;
A
NOVEL.

From BOCCACE.

By Mr. HUMPHREYS.



Perre Sculp

A King in youthful Charms array'd,
Fair *Lombardy's* bright Scepter sway'd,
The Kings of this same Country gain
Frequent Admittance to my Brain,
But honest *Boccace* often shews 'em
So a-propos, one can't refuse 'em.
'Tis fit that You this Hint should read,
Before we venture to proceed.

This

This King, if we may credit Fame,
Espous'd a Soul-inchanting Dame,
As chaste, as prudent, and as fair,
As Queens in Our Romances are.
Her Eyes no Glance could ever dart,
But some poor Gazer lost his Heart;
New dawning Charms, each Day discovers,
And half her Subjects were her Lovers.
You'll think, when these fine Things are said,
She needs must bless her Monarch's Bed.
And certain 'tis, no Royal Sheets
E'er prov'd the Scenes of softer Sweets.

But *Cupid*, who delights in Malice,
And lov'd to roam about the Palace,
As he was whisking round his Link,
Just where the Floor disclos'd a Chink,
Shook out a Spark, 'tis far from Fable,
And down it dropt into the Stable;

And,

And, still accustom'd to consume,
Fir'd the Præcordia of a Groom ;
Another wou'd have said, his Heart ;
But surely if nice Terms of Art
Can sometimes happen to fall pat in,
They'll shew at once our Wit and Latin.

This very Groom, we'll call him *Peter* ;
Since that's a Name will suit our Metre,
This Groom, I say, with many a Maid,
Pass'd for a very dapper Blade ;
His well-turn'd Person and his Parts
Had such a Knack of stealing Hearts,
That all the Virgins where he came,
Were languishing to lose that Name.
But what was more engaging yet,
My Author says the Youth had Wit,
And well he made it soon appear,
As in the Sequel you shall hear.

This Spark, when 'he beheld the Queen,
Was ravish'd at her matchless Mien ;
Her Eyes had shot him to the Soul,
And his Heart kindled like a Coal.
He sigh'd, and gnaw'd his Nails—What then ?
Why then, he sigh'd and gnaw'd again.

Cupid was touch'd to see this Pother,
As much as if he'ad been his Brother ;
Obsequious to his Aid he fled,
And perch'd unseen upon his Head ;
Where, in less Time than Lawyers hatch up
Some lucky Lye, their Cause to patch up,
He fill'd his Brain with such Vagaries,
As soon diminish'd his Quandaries.
For *Cupid* disciplines so well,
He'll make an Oaf a *Machiavel*,
And daily furbish up more Sages,
Than Schools can hammer out in Ages.

D

You

You call for Proof—Why, if I need it,
This Tale's my Voucher, please to read it.

Our Love-sick Brother of the Manger
Now hooted at the Thing call'd Danger,
And yet he wisely thought it good,
To be as cautious as he cou'd ;
Tho' blest'd with *Bronze*, he thought it Ruin
To tell the Queen what he'd be doing,
Because he knew her Majesty
Would never yield Extempore ;
But rather he might apprehend,
His Suit would haste his latter End,
And, therefore, he could see no Reason
Why Love should talk him into Treason ;
Nor did he think it one Jot better
To scrawl his Passion in a Letter,
For Letters oft have caus'd the Writers
To curse the Day they were Enditers.

To such a Situation drove,
Between the Gallows and his Love,
How did he this Dilemma settle?
Why, truly like a Man of Mettle.
Thought he, my Passion, if I falter,
Will prove as fatal as a Halter,
And since 'tis very plain I may die,
Or, by the Hangman, or the Lady;
Cupid conduct me to her Bed,
To make me talk'd of when I'm dead.

The God, who heard this pious Prayer,
Resolv'd to make the Business bear,
And how his Pupil he did chear up,
A Paragraph or two shall clear up.

In *Lombardy*, Friend *Boccace* says,
By the fixt Custom of those Days,

The King and Queen lay oft afunder ;
But this we think no mighty wonder,
Because, if Fame the Truth reports,
'Tis much the same in Modern Courts.
His Majesty, 'tis likewise said,
When e'er he took it in his Head,
To chear his Queen an Hour or more,
Tript softly to her Chamber-Door,
Where a Sage Matron, plac'd in Waiting,
Would often let the Monarch late in,
Loose in his Gown, as wisely Gueffing
'Twould save some Moments in undreffing.
The Reader too must understand,
A Taper glimmer'd in his Hand,
Lest he should stumble on some Plank ill,
And bruise an Eye, or sprain an Ankle ;
But yet, so feeble was the Blaze,
The Devil scarce cou'd know his Face.
The Crone, who knew what he desir'd
Receiv'd the Taper and retir'd ;

This was the Practice, then well known,
And ev'ry Nation has it's own.

Peter, who manag'd not his Wit ill,
Knew the whole Custom to a Tittle,
And, soon accoutred in this Gear,
He at the Portal did appear ;
The Monarch's Rap he had so trim,
The good Duenna thought 'twas him,
She ope'd the Door, and took his Light,
Then wish'd the Mimick King Good Night,
Blessing her Stars for this kind Hap
That gave her gummy Eyes a Nap.

Our Wag had nothing now to dread,
But that the King might come to Bed ;
'Twas dangerous to be too heedless,
But, for that Time, his Fears were needless.
Last Morn, the Monarch rose at four
To rouze with Hounds and Horn the Boar ;

He ne'er had hunted down a bigger,
And left himself so little Vigour,
That the kind Reader may conclude,
He thought his Visit would be rude,
At least, 'till Midnight Hours were past,
Love's Cheer he cou'd not hope to taste.

And now, what Youth, so near the Blessing,
Wou'd think of ought else but undressing?
This *Peter* did, and had you seen him,
You'd wonder'd how he cou'd so clean him,
His Linnen was so lilly neat,
And with rich Essence made so sweet,
That had you view'd him in his Room,
When he did first put off the Groom,
You wou'd have sworn, to see the Man dress,
Venus her self had been his Laundress.
But not to tire you on that Head,
Peter we'll now suppose in Bed.

But

But here, 'tis fit we tell our Readers,
One of the real King's Procedures.

The Monarch, oft, when State-Affairs
Perplex'd his Head with royal Cares,
When Officers in Trust were thievish,
Or if his Household made him peevish,
Wou'd clasp his Consort in his Arms,
And silently enjoy her Charms,
And tho' she made his Spirits flutter,
The Devil of a Word he'd utter.
Th' obsequious Queen, without much teaching,
Cou'd easily dispense with speeching ;
A Lover, right in other Matters,
May please the more, the less he chatters.

This lucky Circumstance however,
For *Peter* was compleatly clever,

And he improv'd it to the best,
Nor need the Muse relate the rest;
Only, that in those mystic Cases,
That have Relation to Embraces,
Fame, if we dare to trust her, sings
One Groom is worth two Brace of Kings.
The Queen, it then may be believ'd,
Some Diff'rence, at that time, perceiv'd.

Surpriz'd at so much am'rous Play,
She thought her Monarch strangely gay,
And fancy'd that his Choler might
Make him exceed himself that Night.

Heav'n, in it's Gifts, is always just,
Nor will, to one, all Talents trust,
An Emperor of some great Nation,
Has Vertues proper for his Station,
A Lawyer too, has all his Paces,
And clears, and often puzzles Cases ;

As to Love's Sports, without an Oath,
A single Groom excels them both.

Our Gallant, having oft repeated
His brisk Attack, at last retreated ;
He thought it Wisdom to be gone
E'er Morn's bright Pinnars were put on,
And therefore, lighted 'on by no Ray,
Got out of Bed before *Aurora*.
Here Love had taught his happy Student
To be, what few are, bless'd and prudent,
For had he stay'd five Minutes more,
He'd met the Monarch at the Door.
The Monarch ?—Pray what's this you've said ?
I thought he went fatigu'd to Bed.
'Tis true ; the Reader there is right,
But he was not fatigu'd all Night,
And therefore, e'er the Dawn was seen,
He paid a Visit to the Queen.

Her

Her Majesty, who heard him enter,
Was much surpris'd at this Adventure,
And more to be so little cloying
That he was still inclin'd to toying.

My dearest Lord, said she, it seems
Your Fondness prompts you to Extreams ;
But tho' I own this kind Proceeding,
Bespeaks the Heighth of royal Breeding,
I would not, for your Kingdom's Wealth,
Permit you to impair your Health ;
You're dearer to me, than my Eyes, Sir,
And six Caresses will suffice, Sir ;
Besides, your Majesty well knows,
'Tis not ten Minutes since you rose.

The Monarch now, as he lay moping,
Began to smoak some Interloping ;
But since he relish'd not the Jest,
He thought that Silence wou'd be best,

And

And so, as fast as he was able,
He tripp'd directly to the Stable ;
Well judging that no Courtier Beau,
Had in Love's Feats eclips'd him so.
I have, says he, much Cause to fear,
My lusty Rival may be here,
And, tho' no outward Marks display him,
His Palpitation will betray him.

It happen'd that the King, this Night,
Forgot to bring his waxen Light,
And therefore grop'd along the Gloom,
And felt about from Groom to Groom.

Peter, who heard him in the Hay,
Sweat Streams of *Affa Fætida*,
And slept Dog's Sleep, as People say.

The good Prince hoping to discover,
By his high Pulse the happy Lover ;

Chose

Chose a good Thought for his Director,
And was not cross'd in his Conjecture,
But quickly laid his Hand on *Peter*,
And felt him scorch like any Heater.

The Monarch having found his Man,
A second Scheme of Thought began ;
He meant to know him in the Morning,
That Grooms, might by his Fate take Warning.
He found, by stretching out his Leg,
A pair of Scissars on a Peg,
Which Fortune seem'd then to produce
On purpose for his present Use.
'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the Droll,
So clipt a Lock from *Peter's* Poll.

The King, thus having gain'd his Aim,
Pok'd off as softly as he came,
Tho' short of what he had design'd,
Because he left the Lock behind,

And

And *Peter*, to prevent Disaster,
Determin'd to out-wit his Master ;
So crept to each Companion's Bed,
And snipt a Lock from ev'ry Head.

Now Morning shines, the King admires
To see his Grooms all cropt like Friars ;
And has my Spouse, thinks he, and raves,
This Night caress'd these sixteen Slaves !
No sure, for this wou'd make my Queen a
Worse Prodigy than *Messalina*.
Well, Sirs, said he, with smother Brow,
Who-e'er has done the Deed, but now,
Let him be silent, and refrain
From going he knows where again.



1944

1940-1941

1900-1901

1911

Le Gageure des trois Commeres :

OR, THE

G O S S I P S W A G E R.

From Two NOVELS of *Boccace*.

By Mr. *HUMPHREYS*.



THREE Dames, when Wine, at a Collation,
 Had given their Twatling-strings Vibration,
 Began most freely to unfold
 The various Pranks they'd play'd of old,
 Each had her Spark for private Use,
 A Custom that most Climes produce,
 And each might very justly boast,
 How much, at Home, she rul'd the Roast.

Says

Says one, my Spouse is such a Puppy,
All *Paris* can't produce his Copy ;
He is indeed the King of Spouses,
No such I see in other Houses ;
A Creature only made to shock,
I'd carve a better from a Block ;
I'll prove to him as I'm alive,
That *Three* and *One* are always *Five*.

Troth, says another, were he Mine,
I'd hang him out to save a Sign,
I think no Pleasure worth accepting,
Unless some little Cares have crept in,
And mix, like Mustard in a Sallad,
To make it poignant to the Palate.
Your Drone will follow, I suppose,
Where- e'er you lead him by the Nose ;
Poor sneaking Sot, a Murrain choak him,
Mine looks as if I had bespoke him ;

50 *La Gageure des trois Commerees : or,*

As smart a Blade as ever Man saw,
He knows a Hatchet from a Handsaw.
I thank my God, he wants no Spirit,
And drubs——'twou'd do you good to bear it.

But tho' my Dear affects to rule,
I'm not so tame to be his Tool ;
I blend the Serpent with the Dove,
And seldom keep a Lent, in Love.
His little Whims I sooth with Art,
And know he loves me at his Heart,
Marriage is in it self, I take it,
Just as the Parties please to make it ;
When Fondness softens ev'ry Feature,
Love's Pastime is by much the sweeter ;
For my part, Ladies, my Affairs
So nicely tally with my Prayers,
I think my Spouse, and my Gallant
Worth ten of yours, without a Vaunt.

Here the Third Matron interpos'd;
And this Debate discreetly clos'd ;
Concluding with this grave Position,
That Wedlock is a blest'd Condition,
When Husbands, both at Bed and Board,
Their due Benevolence afford ;
But then she own'd, some Pains shou'd mingle,
To give the Bliss a sprightly Tingle.

This Point, thus happily decided,
Each told the Feats in which she prided,
And claim'd the Prize in artful Knacks,
Till the Room echo'd with their Clacks.
But the good Dame, whose sage Discourse,
Had, in the first Dispute, such Force,
Again, as wisely calm'd the Matter,
And thus compos'd the Second Clatter.

Why needs, said she, our Conversation
Grow warm with so much Emulation ?

52 *La Gageure des trois Commerces : or,*

For since you seem resolv'd to prove
Who tops it in the Part of Love,
Let each of us, by some new Wile,
Try who can best her Spouse beguile.
But she who, in this nice Contention,
Gains fewest Votes for her Invention,
Shall pay some Fine for her Defeat,
We'll drink it out, when next we meet.

The others cry'd, when she had ended,
You state the Point as we intended ;
And now, let each, before we part,
Thus place her Hand upon her Heart,
And swear, hereafter when we meet,
To tell the Fact without Deceit ;
Dame *Dorcas* shall decide the Prize,
For in such Feats she's wondrous wise.

The Parties lik'd the Motion well,
We next, how they proceeded, tell.

The

The Dame, who, by her Mate's Constraint,
Was most compell'd to ape the Saint,
At that Time doated on a Boy,
By Nature form'd for Female Joy ;
He seem'd so finish'd to her Taste,
She thought it stupid to be chaste,
But hitherto her Spouse, it seems,
Had so perplex'd his Consort's Schemes,
No Chance cou'd from Love's Hazard flow,
But in he stept to bar the Throw.

The Lovers soon grew discontented,
To be so often circumvented,
Were tir'd with plotting new Evasions,
And hiring Rooms for their Occasions,
And Madam, who cou'd seldom roam
Resolv'd to fix her Joys at Home.

54. *La Gageure des trois Commerces : or,*

Consulting with the youthful Blade,
She dress'd him like a Waiting-Maid.
Come to our House with sober Grace,
Said she, and say you want a Place ;
Be sure you shorten well that Stride,
And look as bashful as a Bride ;
That's well,—now come as I've desir'd,
And I'll take care you shall be hir'd.

The Lover's Part being thus allotted,
He quickly came as they had plotted ;
So innocently soft appear'd,
The Husband at the Damsel leer'd ;
Felt a strange Impulse to be sinning,
And long'd to rumple *Jenny's* Linnen.
The Lady shew'd some Hesitation,
To take her in a Servant's Station ;
Whilst the good Man, her Charms surveying,
Pleaded extremely for her staying.

I've

I've done, Sir, said the Dame, for I
Shall always with your Wish comply;
And since you're willing to believe her
So good a Servant, I'll receive her;
Tho' I perhaps may run some Risk,
Since she's so young, and you so brisk.

Her Scruples seem'd so justly hinted,
The Spouse, a-while, his Purpose stinted,
And wisely, for a Week or more,
To ogle *Jenny's* Charms forbore.
At last, his Passion to be straying,
No more cou'd brook such dull delaying;
He ply'd the Damsel with his Suit,
And such rich Presents gave to boot,
That now she feign'd an Air so tender,
As made him sure she wou'd surrender;
But *Jenny*, you may lay your Soul on't,
Had for his *Oliver* a *Rowland*.

56 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

Madam, who long'd to act her Frolic,
Complain'd one Evening of the Cholic;
And gravely her dissembled Maid,
This Message to the Spouse convey'd;
My Lady finds her self not right,
And thinks to lie alone to-night.

These Tidings suited with the Squire,
Exactly to his Heart's Desire.
Faith Girl, he answers with a Simper,
I'm much oblig'd to her Distemper,
And will, to-night, her Bed decline,
But you shall take her Place in mine.

Few Words were on the Bargain spent,
Since both the Parties seem'd content;
To Bed they stole, with all the Speed
Of Folks impatient for the Deed;
When the good Squire, whom Fortune's Spite
Had doom'd to be the Dupe that Night,

Heard

Heard Footsteps to his Chamber tripping,
And saw his Wife, next Moment, slip in;
Whose Visit, tho' in seeming Ire,
Pleas'd all the Parties but the Squire.

So, cries the Dame, I find I'm grown
Too coarse a Morfel to go down;
Since you appear so mighty pressing
To taste a Meal of *Jenny's* dressing;
But if I'ad known your Mind before,
Dainties you shou'd have had in Store,
And ne'er ha' found me, then, retrenching
Your due Prerogative to Wenching;
But that same Minion who lies by You,
I have some Reasons to deny You;
She's not worth sinning for, my Dear,
And you wou'd curse your Choice, I fear.
But as for you, my little Minx,
You're strangely delicate, methinks!

Will

58 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

Will nothing with your Taste agree,
But those Regales prepar'd for me ?
Lord, how Girls Faces oft belie 'em !
I thought the Jade as chaste as I am.
But this Adventure, tho' defeated,
Shews how the Innocent are cheated.
For this Time, Sir, I hold it wise,
To bid this pretty Vestal rise ;
And since I see what you design,
I'll trust her in no Bed but mine.
Rise, Miss, this Instant, I advise you,
This Night my Chamber shall suffice you ;
And did not my dear Reputation
Restrain my Rage, on this Occasion,
You shou'd from hence, with all your Shame,
Troop like a Strumpet as you came ;
But tho' you scarce deserve to live,
My Soul inclines me to forgive ;
True Virtue calms my Passion thus,
And at my Heart, I hate a Fufs.

But

But I'll be careful for the Future,
Your Master ne'er shall be your Suitor.

Here *Jenny* feign'd some *Airs* of Grace,
Assum'd a penitential Face,
And practis'd such a Scene of sobbing,
As if she'd been condemn'd for robbing;
Then hud'ling her Night-Geer about her,
(For Madam you'd not stir without her)
In all the *Airs* of artful Shame
Slunk off demurely with the Dame,
And in her Chamber, it is said,
They both undress'd and went to Bed;
Where you may guess what part was play'd,
Between the Mistress and the Maid.

Jenny, in two alternate Stations,
Regal'd her Lady's Inclinations;
By Day, her Servant at the Toilet,
And her Gallant soon after Twilight.

The

The Husband was delighted highly,
To see the Business end so mildly,
Says he, such Patience is uncommon,
My Wife's an Angel of a Woman !
He thought no State cou'd match his own,
Nor murmur'd now to lie alone.

Our Lovers, who were none of those
That only go to Bed to doze,
Well knowing they cou'd ne'er have more Luck,
Resolv'd to take Time by the Forelock ;
For he is such a sullen *Don*,
That if you let him once pass on,
He never from his Track will start out,
Tho' you shou'd beg and call your Heart out.
But the good Pair, who knew his Freaks,
Improv'd his Presence for some Weeks ;
And thus our well-instructed Dame,
Gain'd, by this Stratagem, her Aim.

The

The other, whose pacific Spouse
Ne'er dreamt of Antlets on his Brows,
So mild he wou'd not use a Wasp ill,
And thought what-e'er she said was Gospel ;
Sat socially, one Ev'ning fair,
Beneath a Pear-Tree with her Dear ;
And brought to bear, without much scheming,
The Prank with which her Brain was teeming ;
Their honest Servant *John* was nigh 'em,
Hanging his Stockings out to dry 'em ;
A hopeful Youngster of his Inches,
And much carefs'd by all the Wenches.

Says Madam, I cou'd eat a Pear,
Look how they grow so tempting there ;
I like that dangling Bough that bears down,
John, clamber up and shake some Pears down.
John clamber'd like a Mountain Goat,
For he had all his Cue by Rote ;

And

62 *La Gageure des trois Commères : or,*

And round the Branch his Arm he wound,
The Pears fell plumping to the Ground ;
But *John*, who then had other Cares,
Than just to climb and shake down Pears ;
As he was sitting in the Tree,
Pretended some strange Sight to see ;
He shook his Ears, and rubb'd his Eyes,
Like one bewilder'd in Surprise ;
Sir, cries the Drole, if you're so pressing,
To treat my Lady with Love's Blessing,
Sure you might chuse some other Place,
Why should it be before my Face ?
No Mortal, Sir, except a *Dutchman*,
Wou'd kiss his Spouse before his Coachman.
You need not act like us poor Slouches,
For you've your Drawing-Rooms and Couches.

Hey-day, cries Madam, on the Green,
What can this prating Fellow mean ?

Love's

Love's Blessing; *Dutchmen*; Coachmen; Couches;
He's drunk sure, as his Language vouches.

Come down, *John*, and you soon shall see,
What Sports your Master takes with me.

John comes, the Squire says, you avow Sir,
That we are kissing——ha?

JOHN.

Not now, Sir.

THE HUSBAND.

Not now, Sir? Ay, you well may stare.

JOHN.

Why, good Sir, flay me like a Hare,
If you, e'er I was order'd down,
Gave not my Lady a Green Gown.

LADY.

John, you had better cease this Prate,
It seems to bode a broken Pate.

HUSBAND.

No Child, our Fools, when we have chid 'em,
Must say, they acted as we bid 'em.

JOHN.

64 *La Gageure des trois Commerces : or,*

JOHN.

Is it then Folly, to suppose,
We see what's done beneath one's Nose ?

LADY.

Come, tell me, *John*, what hast thou seen ?

JOHN.

You, and my Master, on the Green ;
So gamesom, that my Fingers itch'd.
Or else, this Pear-Tree is bewitch'd.

LADY.

Bewitch'd, *John*, thou'rt a pretty Youth.

HUSBAND.

Well, I'm resolv'd to know the Truth ;
And that I soon shall understand,
I'll climb the Tree,—*John*, lend a Hand.

Scarce in the Tree our Squire appears,
But *John* was in my Lady's Geers.
The Spouse, who saw how Things went on,
Between his loving Mate and *John*,

Came

Came flouncing head-long from the Branches,
As if old Satan punch'd his Haunches;
And as it happen'd to be fated,
His Neck was almost dislocated.

How! Madam, cries the puffing Squire,
Is this the way you quench your Fire?
Odd's-fish! have you so little Grace,
To dub me, to my very Face?

Madam replies, what means my Dove?

HUSBAND.

How! dare you ask?

LADY.

Why not, my Love?

HUSBAND.

Why not, my Love? and dare you blame me,
When you can thus contrive to shame me?

LADY.

Ah! 'tis too much, no more, Heav'ns bless you,

F

Hus-

66 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

HUSBAND.

That Scoundrel, did he not caress you ?

LADY.

Me, my sweet Deary, sure you jest.

HUSBAND.

Gadzooks ! d'ye think I am possess'd ?

You dream I am as blind as *Cupid*.

LADY.

Can you believe, I am so stupid,
As in your Presence, dearest Spouse,
To break my holy Nuptial Vows ;
When I so many Hours cou'd find,
For Falshood, were I so inclin'd ?

HUSBAND.

That's true, my Dear, it must be granted,
But then, this Pear-Tree is enchanted ;
I'll try once more, my gentle Spouse,
And up he climb'd among the Boughs.

John

John saw him mount, and gave the Dame
A second Lesson of *that same* ;
The Husband view'd the sprightly Dance,
But not with any jealous Glance ;
And he as leisurely descended,
As if no Tricks, had been intended.

I want, said he, no farther Proof,
This Tree proclaims the Devil's Hoof:

Well, says the Dame, since wicked Sprights
Have made it shew such naughty Sights,
Let's burn it, that it may no more
Deceive good People, as before.
Run, *John*, and bid the Footmen bring
Sharp Hatchets, to cut down this Thing ;
John hasted, as he was commanded,
And soon return'd not empty-handed ;
The Pear-Tree, now, with Hacks and Hewing,
Was soon reduc'd to fatal Ruin ;

68 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

Some cry'd, what has this Tree committed,
To be so barbarously treated ?
But Madam answer'd with a Frown,
Your Business is to cut it down.

Thus did the *Second* Dame obtain,
The Pleasure she propos'd to gain.

The *Third* succeeds, in decent Order,
And we must hasten to record her.

This Matron knew a female Friend,
Who had a private Room to lend,
And which, on laudable Occasions,
Was oft the Scene of Assignations ;
Our Dame was constant to the Time,
As holding Breach of Word a Crime ;
And thinking female Mirth most hearty
When a gay Spark is of the Party,

She

She made it her prudential Care,
 That her Gallant shou'd meet her there.
 But *Damon*, who was no great Saint,
 And a sworn Foe to all Constraint,
 Complain'd it was so mighty rude in
 Their Landlady to be intruding ;—
 Madam, you know, what 'tis I drive at—
 Yes, Sir, you want a Place more private :
 Your Meaning in your Looks, I see,
 Well, leave the Care of that to me ;
 My House, Sir, if you dare approach it,
 Is not so far, but you may Coach it ;
 Your Husband, Madam,———O ne'er mind him,
 I have a Stratagem to blind him ;
 And you may there be, at your ease,
 One Night,———or Twenty, if you please.
Damon approv'd the Thought she started,
 So, for that Time, they kiss'd and parted,

The Dame had promis'd an Affair,
 That claim'd good Brains to make it bear ;
 Her Spouse, was none of those who roam,
 In Midnight Frolicks, far from Home ;
 He ne'er debauch'd with fat Church-Wardens,
 Or, ever stroll'd to *Rome* for Pardons,
 Since his own Priest, as he did hope,
 Cou'd scour as clean as any Pope.

But Madam, was, in all his Fancies,
 His awkward Whims and Petulancies,
 No more like him, Sir,—here's my Hand for't,
 Than *Jewish Joppa's* like Old *Brentford*,
 Her Zeal was oft so warm and raging,
 It call'd her out a Pilgrimaging,
 And whereto tended such a Summons ?
 Not to St. *Peter's*, but—the *Hummums*.
 But these were Old-Style Flights of Youth,
 She now must change her Game, forsooth ;

And

And did she?—Yes ; for you must know,
She ty'd a long String to her Toe ;
And from her Chamber 'twas extended
To the Street-Door, and there it ended.

When this preliminary Thread,
Was fix'd, the Lady went to Bed,

Sir Toby Gudgeon '(that's the Name
Of her good Spouse,) soon after came ;
And having grumbled o'er a Prayer,
Flounc'd into Bed, beside his Fair,
But turning with a boist'rous Swing,
He hitch'd his great Toe in the String.
Toby was much alarm'd at that,
O, ho ! thinks he, I smell a Rat ;
And fear this Whoreson Midnight-Line,
Has some unconjugal Design,
And shou'd dear Matrimonial Luck hold,
I stand good Chance to be a Cuckold.

72 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

This String, as the Event will shew,
Is to some Coxcomb's Steps, a Clue,
Who kindly means, before the Morning,
To teach my Wife, the Art of Horning.

With this Persuasion, honest *Gudgeon*
Stole out of Bed, in silent Dudgeon,
And took his Station in the Street,
As sure his Rival there to meet ;
When with unhospitable Tread,
He came to pull the Signal Thread.

But here 'tis fit, we shou'd be heedful,
And tell one Circumstance that's needful.

There was a snug Back-door below,
To introduce a Friend or so ;
And *Betty* thought it no great Sin,
To let her Lady's Darling in,

But

But fancy'd Charity to Lovers,
A Multitude of Failings covers.

Now, whilst Sir *Toby* was parading,
Young *Damon* flily was convey'd in ;
Up Stairs he tript, light as a Feather,
But, God knows what they did together ;
Only my Author says, that Night
Gave both the Lovers much Delight ;
And adds, what we may well believe,
'Twas five, e'er *Damon* took his Leave.

He scarce brush'd off, and clear'd the Coast,
But up comes *Toby* from his Post ;
Complaining, that an aching Head
Oblig'd him to forsake his Bed.

But soon again, the Lady's Toe
Was threaded, for what Cause you know,

Again,

74 *La Gageure des trois Commeres : or,*

Again, Old *Toby* took his Stand,

Again, by *Damon*, was trapann'd.

Three Acts, this Comedy compos'd,

Then with this Epilogue, it clos'd ;

On the Third Night they thought it best,

To wind up their nocturnal Jest ;

And now we haste to give the Reader,

A short Detail of their Proceçdure,

When *Damon* left the Lady's Bed,

A Footman twitch'd the Pendant Thread ;

And *Toby*, who beheld him pull it,

Sprung like a Mastiff, at his Gullet ;

And roar'd so loud, with open Jaws,

The Dame flew down to learn the Cause.

Dear Heart, says *Dick*, what's this, that frets ye ?

I only came to wait on *Betsie* ;

She hung this Line out, by my Troth,

What Reason then, for all this Wrath ?

For

For I, last Week, upon my Life,
Affur'd her, she should be my Wife.

Here trusty *Betty* popt her Head in,
The Lady then, began to redden ;
How now ! says she, you wanton Jade,
Is this your artful Midnight Trade ?
Was it for this, some Nights ago,
I saw a Packthread on your Toe ?
I guess'd, you had no good Design,
And, therefore, ty'd this String to mine ;
Intending, when you let your Chap in,
To spoil your Sport, and take you napping ;
And have you marry'd this same Lubber ?
You forward Puss,—you well may blubber.
Ay, I perceive, there's something in it,
And you shall quit my House this Minute.

Toby, who now, thought Matters went
Compleatly to his Heart's Content ;

Grew

76 *La Gageure des trois Commeres.*

Crew kind, and cry'd, my Dear, I'm glad,
To find the Business, not so bad ;
Wenches will marry, for you see,
They're Flesh and Blood, as well as we ;
And therefore, Child, I think it right,
To let the poor Girl stay to-night.

'Twas thus, the *Third* good Dame display'd
Her Parts, in the Cornuting Trade ;
But which excell'd of all these Three ?
Faith, that's a Point too hard for me ;
Grave *Dorcas*, too, with all her Learning,
Tho' she had ten Times my discerning ;
Cou'd ne'er decide it, and we fear,
A sager Judge won't soon appear.



L'Oraison

L'Oraison de St. JULIEN
St. JULIAN's Prayer.

A NOVEL.

From BOCCACE.

By Mr. HARRISON.



WHILST on their Wings, the gentle Zephyrs
bear,
The youthful Season of the blooming Year,
While the bright Sun attends on Nature's Birth,
And with a warmer Kiss, salutes the Earth ;
While *Venus* o'er the whole Creation reigns,
And *Cupid* revels on the flow'ry Plains ;
Pregnant with Sweets, while fanning Breezes move,
Saluting, as they pass the Citron Grove,
And universal Nature, glows with Love :

I feel my Blood and Spirits swiftly glide,
And Fancy flowing in a fuller Tide.
Alone, I now some Tale of Love rehearse,
Or, if I slumber, still I dream of Verse.
Celestial Muse ! if 'tis from Thee, my Breast
Is with the Love of Poetry possess'd ;
Raise thy young Bard above the Vulgar Throng,
Sustain his Flight, and animate his Song :
Far from my Thoughts, all other Cares remove,
But only those of Poetry and Love.
Be *This* an Earnest of my future Praise,
An Omen, thou wilt bless my growing Bays ;
Confirm the Youth, who now all-trembling fears
To bear a Weight unequal to his Years.
Shew, that it is from Thee, his Heart o'erflows,
Whilst Fancy paints the Subject, Judgment chose.

In fair *Milania* dwelt, of mighty Fame,
A Noble Knight, *Rinaldo* was his Name ;

Famous

Famous he was in many a bloody Fight,
But most in Courtly Arts was his Delight;
Those softer Combats, and more pleasing Wars,
Which broke no Bones, nor seam'd the Face with
Scars.

Ne'er did our Knight of any *She* complain,
That much He lov'd; but was not lov'd again;
Envy'd by All, and Happy, was the Dame,
Who was the Object of *Rinaldo's* Flame:
Train'd in the Arts of Love, full well he knew
When to retire, and when again pursue.
Thus skill'd the tender Moment to improve,
Success still waited on his roving Love.

Long had our Warriour thus victorious reign'd;
A Nymph by him besieg'd was surely gain'd.
But in *Milania* grew not Palms enow;
With other Garlands wou'd he deck his Brow;
He Lord of All, was lov'd without Dispute,
Thro' all the Realms of *Cupid* absolute.

Thus

Thus *Philip's* Son, of *Persia's* Crown posselt,
And with the Spoils of conquer'd Nations blest ;
No Limits in his wild Ambition knew ;
And wanted Worlds to make his Triumphs new.

Let other Poets, in a lofty Strain,
Describe their Heroe on the dusty Plain ;
Make *Mars* his Helmet bear, his Faulcion wield,
And paint *Minerva* on his ample Shield ;
Show him Impatient, smit with Glory's Charms,
Courteous in Peace, invincible in Arms ;
In thickest Dangers all serene and calm,
While *Vict'ry* waits to wreath his Brows with Palm.
But naked *Love* the Sword of *Mars* denies,
Venus has keener *Weapons* in her Eyes.
Unarm'd our Knight, nor Arms were his Intent,
His Am'rous Course to *Pavia's* City bent ;
Pavia the Spot which *Venus* honours most,
Next her own *Paphos*, and the *Cyprian* Coast,

G

There

82 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

There live the *Graces*, thither flock the *Fair* ;
 Her Chariot, Doves, and all her Train are there.
 The Legend says, the Knight with constant Care,
 Ne'er fail'd to say each Morn a Magic Pray'r :
 Thus had he never Cause of just Complaint,
 By JULIAN kept, his tutelary Saint.
 Less pow'rful Charms, the Story goes, than these,
 Cou'd alter Nature in her fix'd Decrees ;
 With such of Old were Midnight Witches known,
 Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.
 'Twas said it's Virtues too prevail'd in Love ;
 But that mean Art *Rinaldo* ne'er did prove ;
 In Love, much more avails, a youthful Grace,
 And the soft Magic of a *Beauteous Face* ;
 Our Knight on *this* rely'd, the PRAY'R once said,
 He ne'er cou'd want a Supper, or a Bed.

Now had his measur'd Course bright *Phæbus* run,
 The Day b'ing ended, and the Night begun ;

Close

Close by the Road an ancient Forest stood,
Fenc'd from the Light, and thick o'erspread with
Wood.

By Noon-Day Robbers, a Retreat was made,
And safe they lurkt beneath the gloomy Shade.
Thoughtless of Harm, *Rinaldo* urg'd his Way ;
Out rush the Gang, and seize the destin'd Prey.
His Palfrey and his Purse the Ruff'ans take,
Regain the Forest, and the Knight forsake.
Naked, Distrest, Despairing, and Alone,
On the cold Earth he hopeless laid him down.

Pavia far distant lay, the low'ring Sky
And Gusts of Wind proclaim'd a Tempest nigh.
No Star appear'd to guide the wand'ring Knight,
In vain he lookt ; no chearful Beam of Light,
Shot thro' the pitchy Darkness of the Night. }
Amidst the Wood a good old Trunk arose,
Extending wide it's hospitable Boughs ;

84 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

That Night *Rinaldo* had his Rest design'd,
 'As some small Shelter from the piercing Wind.
 But still from Fate more Torments must he prove,
 The whistling Winds still shook the bending Grove,
 And Rain, in Streams, pour'd down from angry
Jove.

At length by lucky Chance the Knight perceives
 A trembling Ray dart thro' the waving Leaves;
 With Joy transported he pursues the Light,
 While forward still the friendly Beams invite.

Near the Mid-way, 'twixt *Pavia* and the Wood,
 An ancient venerable *Villa* stood.
 Thence from the Light within proceeds the Ray,
 Which with a happy Omen makes his Way.

Within the House, a *Lady*, once a Wife,
 Liv'd at her Ease, and made the most of Life;
 Indulgent Fate had broke the Marriage-Noose,
 And set the captivating Fair-One loose;

Long

Long did *she* weep her poor departed *Dear*,
Paid him his Fun'ral Tribute to a Tear.

But when the Widow's cloudy Days blew o'er,
She wip'd her radiant Eyes, and wept no more;
Grew chearful, airy, and bethought at last,
How best she might repay her Sorrows past:
Propos'd again, that *Hymen's* known Delights
Should make amends for all her lonely Nights.
But to be ty'd *for Better, or for Worse*;
She lik'd the Blessing, but she fear'd the Curse.
Far, chose to be from Matrimonial Care,
Reign'd Mistress of her Self; was free as Air.
At length, a Courting-Scene it self presents,
And this she thought might answer all Intents;
Determin'd thus, she ventures on the same,
And ev'ry Night the well-built Suitor came.

That very Night, while our *Rinaldo* lay,
Wringing his Cloaths, and wishing for the Day;

86 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

The lovely Nymph within expecting fate,
 And wonder'd why her Charmer staid so late.
 Nought there, but He, was wanting ; for the Fair
 Had order'd all things with a Mistress' Care.
 Here *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the Graces came,
 The gay Attendants of the *Cyprian* Dame ;
 Ragouts and Jellies spread the tempting Board,
 With all the Wines which Autumn cou'd afford.

Th' expecting Nymph with Sighs and heaving
 Breast,

Female Impatience, Female Love exprest ;
 At last a trusty Page brings word, that Night,
 Her Lover was, tho' loth, debarr'd her Sight ;
 Some urgent Bus'ness ; What, he did not say,
 Forc'd him against his Will to keep away.

This tho' the Lover's Loss, *Rinaldo's* Gain ;
 A Maid within who heard the Knight complain,
 Mov'd

Mov'd by his faintly Voice, and shudd'ring Tone,
Lookt out, and asks what Creature made that Moan.
Rinaldo hardly saw the Taper's Light,
So much the beating Rain had dimm'd his Sight :
Pierc'd thro' with Cold, and frozen were his Limbs,
Yet even thus, he charms, and lovely seems,
Relates his Quality, and asks Relief ;
His graceful Carriage gains a quick Belief.
She tells her Mistress all she heard and more,
And shew'd *Rinaldo* shiv'ring at the Door :
Oft had the *Fair-One* heard *Rinaldo's* Name ;
Rude must they be who had not heard his Fame.
The Sight her yielding Heart to Pity mov'd,
She brought him in, but knew not that she lov'd ;
Fresh Cloaths were fetcht, the Stranger warm'd and
drest,
In sweetest Words his Gratitude exprest.

They sit, they chat ; the Nymph was not reserv'd,
Fine Wines were brought, and the rich Banquet serv'd.

88 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

Rinaldo keen ; the Labours of the Night
Had thinn'd his Blood, and whet his Appetite,
Hunger th' attentive Widow cou'd not move,
Rinaldo was her *Gout* ; she *fed on Love*.
Pensive she sat, and on the comely Knight,
Unmov'd with other Objects fixt her Sight.
Love, unattended with its anxious Pains,
Plays round her Heart, and titillates her Veins.

The Supper ended, and the Servants gone,
And our kind longing Couple left alone ;
A Parley soon began, *Rinaldo's* Heart
Was pierc'd quite thro' with *Cupid's* golden Dart.
Love chose the Shaft, and searcht his Quiver o'er,
To find out such as struck the Nymph before.
Lovers imagine what most hidden lies,
See with their Fancy what's deny'd their Eyes.
Nothing *Rinaldo's* eager Eyes escape,
Her winning Carr'age, and her easy Shape ;

The

The Foot, the well-turn'd Leg, the taper Thigh,
Were soon examin'd by his piercing Eye ;
Her Hand, her Arm, her Neck, he ran all o'er,
Besides, a thousand nameless Graces more,
Secret be they. Nor will the Muses name,
What kindled in their Cheeks the warmest Flame.
Let this suffice, no more shall be express,
I leave chaste Readers to divine the rest.
In decent Garb she sat, and plain Attire,
Cupids skimm'd round, and kindled soft Desire.
With native Charms, and causeless Art array'd,
Millions of Graces in her Beauty play'd :
Cou'd I her Look, and Negligence of Dress,
And living Verse with study'd Art express,
The *Loves* wou'd think their *Mother* I had seen,
And for the *Nymph*, describ'd th' *Idalian* Queen.

But if our *Knight* was wounded by her Eyes,
She saw *Rinaldo* with no less Surprise.

His

90 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

His Mien, his jolly Port, his manly Grace,
 The youthful Bloom that flush'd the Lover's Face,
 Long she admiring sat, with downcast Look ;
 At length the Man belov'd she thus bespoke :
 How happily, alas, do you renew,
 The Thought of One, who much resembled you ?
 Thro' all his Features not one pleasing Line,
 But does in Yours with equal Lustre shine.
 Such Graces had propitious *Venus* shed,
 Around the dearest Partner of my Bed ;
 In You, his ev'ry Action I can trace,
 And when I look on You, I see his Face.

Tell me, ye Sages ! Say ye mighty Wife !
 What *Stoicism* ! What *Cato* ! could despise
 A *Fair-One*'s Praises ? whom cou'd Love displease,
 When urg'd by such endearing Charms as these ?

Tir'd

Tir'd with the Praise, his Cheeks with Blushes
glow'd,
He thus reply'd, and as he spoke he bow'd ;
Such Glory is not to *Rinaldo* due,
But, fairest Creature, what resembles You ?
The Sun when shining with Meridian Light,
Shews not one Object so divinely bright.

Here the Nymph stopt Him, and with dextr'ous
Art,
Seem'd to dislike what pleas'd her to the Heart.
From Beauty's Fav'rite Claim did she recede,
That for her Beauty he might stronger plead.
Asserted most, what most, she'd have deny'd,
And by Humility, indulg'd her Pride.

So when fair *Iris* in the Clouds of *Night*,
Avoids th' Embraces of the God of *Light* ;

With

92 *L'Oraison de St. JULIEN.*

With double Rays he darts upon the Skies,
Seeks out the *Nymph*, and paints Her as she flies.

Rejoin'd *Rinaldo*, Praises o'er again,
Whate'er he *had*, and what he had *not* seen ;
But what full willingly our *Knight* wou'd see,
Were but the Charmer half so bold as He.

Madam, to praise your Beauty as I ought,
Exceeds the pow'r of Language, pow'r of Thought ;
To speak an Object so divinely bright,
Requires an Age, and I have but a Night ;
Which with your Leave might better be employ'd,
The *Widow* smil'd, *Rinaldo* overjoy'd,
Left complimenting, eager to pursue
Those rapt'rous Bliss'es which to each were due,
He manag'd Love, as well-skill'd Gen'ral's War,
Took all Advantages ; with speedy Care
Urg'd on the Consummation with the Fair.

Artful

Artful Resistance, just enough, was made,
Till Pleasure to it's Crisis was delay'd ;
The *Widow* seem'd obsequious to the Call,
Made no Reply ; but this was saying All.
Yielding, but Coy, as seemingly she strove,
To give Compulsion, what she gave to Love.

Young and unskill'd, O cou'd I but proceed
To tell the soft Delights : *Rinaldo's* Deed :
Him thro' Love's Groves and Labyrinths pursue,
And keep the ardent Lover still in view.

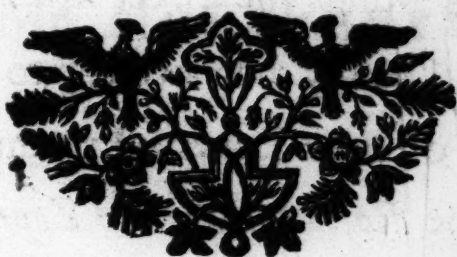
Rinaldo's Neck, around her Arms *she* cast,
And paid with Kisses all his Labours past ;
This for the *Thieves*, and *Fifty* for the Fright,
And *this*, and *this*, repay the stormy Night.
Happiest of Happy Lovers ; O that I,
Such precious Favours from my Fair cou'd buy ;
The greatest Dangers I shou'd ne'er regard,
Nor Suff'rings feel, which *She* wou'd so reward.

'Twas

'Twas late ; the whole Creation silent lay,
 Soft Slumbers clos'd the Labours of the Day ;
 No Noise was heard, all Nature seem'd to nod,
 And own the Empire of the sleepy God.
 E'en Lust and Envy slept ; old *Morpheus* shed
 His drowsy Poppies on *Rinaldo's* Head ;
 The Fair departed to her Bed of Down ;
 And by the Legend it is plainly shown,
 Happy *Rinaldo* did not lie alone.
 What Raptures they enjoy'd ; how little Rest ;
 How the fond Lovers all their Fire exprest,
 I pass. Nymphs, conscious of a Lover's Flame,
 Will in their Minds the sweet Ideas frame.
 And should I vainly but attempt to tell
 The Solace of their Loves ; I might as well,
 Count all the *Roses* which the *Zephyrs* bring,
 Or number up the *Lillies* of the *Spring*.
 But now *Aurora*, Harbinger of Day,
 Rose from the Bed where aged *Tithon* lay ;

The

The Doors of Heav'n unbarr'd and overspread,
The Path of *Phæbus* with a blushing Red.
Up-rose the Lovers ; and th' obliging Fair,
Upon *Rinaldo* lavish'd all her Care :
Him all her Treasures, all her Gold she show'd,
And many Presents on our *Knight* bestow'd :
Pleas'd with the sweet Remembrance of the Night,
She thus repaid Him for the dear Delight ;
Rinaldo, parting, then with Tears she kiss'd,
And with inviolable Love dismiss'd.



La Coupe Enchantee,
OR, THE
INCHANTED CUP.

A
NOVEL.
From *ARIOSTO*.

By Mr. HUMPHREYS.



ALL *Plagues are Jokes*, the Learned tell us,
 Compar'd with those that sting the *Jealous*;
 Imagine some *surmising* Sot,
 Who thinks all Nature's in a Plot;
 And lets his Brain out at a Venture,
 To each *Suspicion* that will enter:
 What Joys has he to raise his Spirits?
 Why, truly, none, for none he merits;
 A transient Tinkling in his Ears
 Awakes a Family of Fears;

His

The INCHANTED CUP.

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His *Dreams* disclose his wanton Spouse
Preparing Branches for his Brows ;
His *Dreams* ? — But hark ye, who can swear
That he has any to his Share ?
Your Observation's just and deep,
For *Dreams* must needs result from *Sleep* ;
But *Sleep*, I doubt, is not so dull
To quarter in a *jealous* Skull ;
But must in calmer Mansions reign
And dreads all Hubbubs in the Brain.
Our *Wretch* resolves his *Rest* to cheat,
To be a *Cuckold in Conceit* ; *
Which is, to all Intents, as good,
As were he *one* in *Flesh* and *'Blood*.

Give me, *poor Creatures*, some Relation
Of this same Monster, *Cornutation* ;
Say, does it blast your Corn or Hops,
Or drive your Dealers from your Shops ?

* *Moliere* has wrote a Play under this Title, viz. *Le Coquin Imaginaire*.

Or will it cause a sore or blind Eye,
Distress your Cows, or make your Swine die?
What is it but a frail Offence,
That's justly scorn'd by Men of Sense?
A *Badge* which those of Rank and Fashion
Can wear without a Moment's Passion.
Since *Cuckoldom's* a Thing of Course,
They're glad that Matters are no worse.

Learn then to live, in *Hymen's* Fetters,
Like Beaux, and Lords, and Men of Letters;
Be unsuspicious, calm and cool,
Nor imitate that curious Fool,
Who snatcht up the *Inchanted Cup*,
And vainly try'd to take a Sup;
The *Tale* affords you good Advice,
And you shall hear it in a Trice.

But first, I have some Inclination
To treat you with a Demonstration,

That

That the Disaster you deplore,
Is all Ideal and no more.
Can you perceive, with all your Dread,
Your Hat grow painful to your Head?
Whate'er your Lady may endeavour,
Are not your Brows as smooth as ever?
She grants, without consulting you,
Some *Favours* to a Friend or two;
What then? the *Premisses* explore,
You'll find 'em as they were before:
Can you discover that her Freaks
E'er steal the Roses from her Cheeks?
Or on her Breast, are you so silly
To think you miss the blended Lilly?
Your Rival, having wander'd round 'em,
Leaves all her Beauties as he found 'em;
And since her Person is no worse,
I count not *Cuckoldom* a Curse.

Ah ! but my Honour, you reply,
That's a nice Point ! and so say I.
But mark how your good Sense miscarries,
Rome's Honour is a Jest at Paris.
Your grave *French Cuckold* is a Sight,
Let him but laugh, he's then polite.
Take Things but true, I'll lay my Purse,
You'll own that *Cuckoldom's* no Curse.

But can you urge it is a Blessing?
I will, as fast as Words can press in ;
And first, you'll find your Spouse will prove
As soft and supple as a Glove ;
And then for Mistresses, you may
Have *twenty* if you can but pay ;
And not a Mortal of fine Breeding
Will e'er complain of your Proceeding.

In *Conversation* when you join,
You always will be sure to shine ;

Delight will her gay Mien assume,
 And Peals of Mirth ring round the Room.
 Your Place will be advanc'd, at Feasts,
 Pre-eminent above the Guests ;
 And your distinguish'd Plate be stor'd,
 With the first Honours of the Board.
 At Play, your Opposite will chuse
 In meer Regard to you, to lose ;
 He'll seem to think on other Things,
 Discard his *Aces* and his *Kings* ;
 Misreckon and forget *Repiques* *
 That you may sweep the shining Stakes.
 From hence, I've Reason in confessing
 That *Cuckoldom's a constant Blessing*.

I add too, but without Detraction,
 It keeps your Spouse in breathing Action ;
 Retouches her unfinish'd Charms,
 And still refits her for your Arms.

* The Game of *Picquet*.

Bright *Hellen* seem'd to *Menelaus*,
Like a meer Mawkin of the Playhouse,
'Till *Paris* made the *Fair* his Prize,
And open'd the dull *Husband's* Eyes:
And now, Sir, I am rightly guessing,
I've prov'd this *Cuckoldom* a *Blessing*.

You'll say my *Prologue* grows prolix,
And all these Lines might shrink to fix.
No; for the Subject, at that Rate,
Would lose, in Brevity, its Weight ;
I think this Plea may here avail,
And now we enter on the *Tale*.

A Knight there was, but I've forgot
His Country, — Pshaw, it matters not ;
As to his Fortune and his Name —
My Memory is still to blame;
But Slips like these no Candour need,
So, with Permission, I'll proceed.

This worthy Wight did always dread
Some foul Play in the *Marriage-Bed* ;
And sagely, therefore, did intend
To single out some Female Friend,
Who thought, like him, that *Cupid's Feast*
Needed no Blessing from a Priest.
He lik'd the Sounds, dear Nymph, my Life,
Or any other Words but Wife :
But whether Reason was his Guide,
Let others, if they please, decide.
Poor *Hymen*, as Historians write,
Could ne'er find Favour in his Sight ;
And having suffer'd this Disgrace
Cupid succeeded in his Place.
The *Knight* committed to his Care
The forming of his *Bill of Fare* ;
Bid him select his best Delights,
His kindest Days and softest Nights,

With

With all the Transports worth his Culling,
Which he bestows unless he's fullen.

The little Godship lik'd the Office,
And meant to prove himself no Novice;
Resum'd his old decoying Trade,
And quickly gain'd a tender Maid;
Then brought her, in her blooming Charms,
Obsequious to his Master's Arms;
And soon a Female Babe discovers,
How Matters past between the Lovers.

But all our Joys and Pleasures here,
Are frail, alas! and insincere;
Fate did the New-born Infant save
But laid the Mother in the Grave;
The Knight was deaf to Consolation,
At this untimely Separation;
Wish'd he had worn the nuptial Fetter,
That he might bear his Grief the better;

Husbands

Husbands ne'er call for Dust and Sackcloth,
Their Sorrows are suffic'd with Blackcloth ;
But he, whate'er his Friends could say,
Mourn'd in the Patriarchal Way ;
'Till Time that softens ev'ry Cross,
Had reconcil'd him to his Loss.

His sprightly Daughter now appears
In the gay Bloom of youthful Years ;
When prudent Misses first discover,
Babies are Trifles to a Lover ;
The heaving Lawn that veil'd her Breast,
Shew'd something panted to be prest ;
She fancy'd she could now surmise
The sparkling Power of radiant Eyes ;
She thought a lilly Hand no Harm,
And found a Use for ev'ry Charm.

The Knight, in his paternal Fears,
Thought her too knowing for her Years ;

And

And saw, by ev'ry Air she play'd,
Of what Materials she was made;
He fear'd she'd hurry Love's last day on,
Without the Sanction of a Parson;
And knew some Beaux, among the Laymen,
Who hated *Hymen's* formal *Amen*;
Which often palls and strangely harms
A Lady's Present of her Charms.

Revolving this with timely Care,
He in a Convent fix'd the Fair;
And e'er a Fortnight's Round was run,
She ply'd her Needle like a Nun;
Her Books, from End to the Beginning,
Set forth the Sinfulness of Sinning;
She ne'er indulg'd a Recreation,
That could endanger her Salvation;
But chose the most austere Restraints,
And spoke the Language of the Saints;

In Disputation she could fish up
 Such Thoughts as we should have pos'd a Bishop.
 If any of her Sisters
Calista, you're a lover said;
 For shame! cry'd our friend *Lais*,
 Sure you forget all *Flowers* Grass;
 The Beauty of each blooming Sinner,
 Will soon give Church-yard Worms a Dinner;
 The fairest Features of the Face
 Are Vanity, compar'd with Grace.

This was the bright *Calista's* Notion,
 In Things relating to Devotion;
 But as to Conveniences and Manufactures,
Clotbo ne'er spun with fewer Fractures;
 As to rich Works of bold Embroid'ry,
 Ev'n *Pallas* was, to her, but tawdry;
 Then as to Tap'stry, proud *Arachne*
 Could scarce deserve to be her Hackney.

Her Charms, her Wisdom and Estate
Brought many Suitors to the Grate;
She only lodg'd in that same House,
'Till she was fit to chuse a Spouse;
And then her Father gave Direction,
That she should make her own Election.

Calista having gain'd the Key
That open'd into Liberty,
Began to ponder, at her Leisure,
The wide Extreames of Pray'r and Pleasure;
Rich Coats, fine Wigs, and little Sense
To the fair Virgin made Pretence,
Directors, Aldermen, and Great Men,
Attornies, and such under Rate Men,
Ev'n Poets by their Muse were led,
To tempt her to the Bridal Bed.

The fair One, in this Groupe of Lovers,
At last a pleasing Youth discovers,

His

His Person such as might proclaim
He merited the brightest Dame ;
The kind *Calista*, for her Part,
Imagin'd he deserv'd her Heart ;
And *Venus* had dispos'd the Knight
To think his Daughter judg'd aright.

All Parties now, with friendly Mind,
Preliminary Parchments sign'd ;
The Vicar then the Contract bless'd,
And left the Pair to do the rest.

What can the nuptial Joys disparage,
When Love's the Motive to the Marriage ?
This Couple, by their mutual Passion,
Brought Matrimony into Fashion ;
And prov'd, a while, that Man and Wife
May act some pleasing Scenes in Life.

Two Years in Paradise they pass'd,
But *Satan* saunter'd in, at last,
And whisper'd in the Husband's Ear,
A black Harangue of jealous Fear ;
Told him he was an easy Sot,
And that his Wife was God knows what.

Our Spouse, who was not over wise,
Believ'd old *Belzee's* knavish Lies ;
To smooke his Rival he began,
And swore *Eraftus* was the Man,
Who, but for our good Mischief-maker,
Had been as harmless as a Quaker.

What should a Husband do when Beaux
Conspire against his dear Repose ?
What should he do ? Why let him laugh Man,
He knows a Beau is but a Half Man ;

But

But should the Lady like the Trifle —
Ev'n then he should not lead his Life ill:
Let him a peaceful Temper keep,
Be careless or contrive to Sleep;
For no Precautions will avail
If she's determin'd to be frail.
But should the faithful Dame despise him,
Your Jealousy may make her prize him.
Wherever such Suspicions come,
They bring their old Friend *Cuckoldom*.

Strephon (for so we call the Youth)
Ne'er dreamt of this important Truth;
And we both pity and excuse him,
Since wicked Counsels did abuse him; —
From whom did those bad Counsels flow?
Have Patience, Friend, and you shall know.

Nerea flourish'd in that Age,
A fam'd Inchantress, and so sage,

Circe scarce knew, with all her *Stir*,
 Hell's Horn-Book, if compar'd with her,
 The Whirlwinds did her Pay receive,
 And durst not roar without her Leave;
 She handcuff'd *Fate*, and had the Grace
 To burn his Book before his Face;
 The scented *Zephyrs* were her Pages,
 Ev'n surly *Boreas* took her Wages,
 And laugh'd when shiv'ring Mortals curst her,
 For letting him so often bluster.

Cupid whose Power is oft so tragic,
 Alone eluded all her Magic;
Strephon had such ensnaring Charms,
 She wish'd to wanton in his Arms;
 And did, by her warm Passion prove,
 Ev'n *Witches* wear the Chains of Love.
 Had she but languish'd for a Kiss,
 Or some slight reputable Bliss,

The Youth had to her Will been won,
But she must needs have All, or None;
And he would sooner lose his Life,
Than prove perfidious to his Wife.

Ah! where are such chaste Husbands now?
Who keeps like him the Marriage Vow!
The Race of such good Men I fear
Is lost, and will no more appear.
And for the Ease of my Affliction,
I'll hope this Tale is all a Fiction.

Nerea, piqu'd at his Evasions,
Call'd in the Aid of Incantations;
Sought Love Receipts thro' Earth and Sea,
And gave him *Philters* in his Tea;
But still was cross'd in each Endeavour,
For he remain'd as cold as ever;
Strepson oppos'd his Nuptial Duty,
To all her Arts and tempting Beauty.

The *Fair One* was confounded quite
At this Repulse, and well she might ;
Strephon, said she, you grace your Vows,
And make a most heroic Spouse ;
A marry'd Man and not licentious !
Sure you are strangely conscientious !
'Tis what I ne'er could have suspected,
But how does Madam stand affected ?
Suppose, for Instance, she should part
With some small Pittance of her Heart,
To one who loves to be in Action,
And sighs and dresses to Distraction ;
You Husbands ought to be afraid,
Of youthful Rivals in Brocade ;
And would you not, in such a Case,
Abate some Rigours of your Grace ?
At least, it will be right in you,
To try if your fair Spouse is true.

Erastus,

Erastus, all the Neighbours say,
 Visits *Calista* twice a Day;
Erastus is my Friend, said *Strephon*,
 And he can never put the Thief on,
 And should she wear some Frailties on her
 Yet he's too much, a *Man of Honour* —

Well, says *Nerea* with a Smile,
 I'll think, with you, they're void of Guile;
 I like your unsuspecting Spirit,
 Tho' she has Charnis and he has Merit;
 Yet Beauty may be free from Stain,
 And Merit is not always vain.

These little smart Insinuations,
 Gave *Strephon* some small Perturbations;
 To trust a gay and beauteous Wife,
 In all the Fire of Youth and Life;
 Admiring much a certain Sport
 Much practis'd both in Town and Court;

I say, to trust her with a Spark,
 Who had so long been *Cupid's* Clerk;
 O *Strepbon*, what hast thou been doing!
 Thy Indolence will be thy Ruin;
 A Friend ! the very Name's a Jest,
 Young Beauty will seduce a Priest.
 Should the fair Wanton deign to show
 A wicked Breast of panting Snow;
 Display a whiter Arm to View
 Than e'er *Apelles'* Pencil drew;
 Or in the milk white Sheets disclose
 A Shape which *Venus* might have chose;
 With Looks that in Love's Language speak
 A welcome to whate'er you'll take;
 Ev'n *Scipio's* boasted Virtue might
 Take to its Heels at such a Sight.

These Thoughts, as we together link 'em,
 Came on as fast as he could think 'em.

And

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And he on these discreet Foundations,

Rais'd fuitable Imaginations.

Nerea, you may think in Course,

Trac'd all his Musings to their Source;

And to convince him he had Reason

To tax his Wife with Nuptial Treason,

She recommended to the Youth,

To make this Trial of her Truth.

His Face she sprinkled with a Liquor

Which in a Moment's Time or quicker,

Gave him the Voice, the Air, the Eyes

Of young *Erastus*, and his Size.

This Juice when it had work'd and fretted,

Wrought Miracles where-e'er it wetted;

The Artist in her Occupation,

Call'd it *the Drops of Transformation*.

Our Husband, in his new Disguise,

Soon to his House impatient flies

To try the Virtue of his Wife,
And play'd *Eraſtus* to the Life.

Madam, ſays *Strepſon*, you diſplay
A moſt enchanting Air to Day;
By all that's ſoft in Love I ſwear
The fragrant Spring's not half ſo fair;
Cupid complains of you, and cries
You've all his Weapons in your Eyes ;
And ſays, tho' he ſhould break his Heart,
You will not truſt him with a Dart.

Califta vers'd in Lovers Wiles
Receiv'd his Compliment with Smiles ;
O Sir, ſays ſhe, I may reply,
That you can ſteal as well as I ;
Apollo ſays his *Harp* is hung
On your monopolizing Tongue ;
The *Muſes* make ſtrange Work about it,
And cry they cannot ſing without it;

It

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It something unpolite appears,
To leave *Parnassus* thus in Tears.

Our *Strepson*, at this lively Foil,
Diversify'd his artful Style;

In Sighs and Tears express'd his Pain,
But Sighs and Tears were all in vain;

Calista stood their utmost Shock,
As steady as a Marble Rock,

Pleas'd with her uncomplying Mien,
He now play'd off his last Machine;
Before the Fair One's Face he told
A Heap of all-persuasive Gold;

The proffer'd Sum was so immense,
Calista thought he utter'd Sense;
And found it a commodious Season,
To listen to such spacious Reason,
What Chastity can long remain
Impregnable to potent Gain?

Calista

Calista was prepar'd to yield,
 Had *Strephon* wish'd to win the Field;
 He found his glitt'ring Gifts prevail,
 For when does that bless'd Metal fail?

What tho' you shine among the Beaux,
 Wear Wigs that wave in flaxen Flows;
 Have Features for *Adonis* fit,
 And rally like the God of Wit;
 Some gouty Clerk of the Finances,
 Will soon attract your Fair-One's Glances;
 And to his Coach with hobbling Pace,
 Will lead her off before your Face.

Gold, if there's Truth in this our Tale,
 Induc'd *Calista* to be frail;
 The Youth receiv'd, in previous Kisses,
 The Earnest of her venal Bliss,
 And thought it proper for his Peace,
 The Scene should with those Symptoms cease.

The

The Husband's Form he now resum'd,
And Anguish in his Aspect gloom'd;
Ingrate ! he cry'd, Inhuman Wife ?
To me once dearer than my Life ;
Are all thy Vows and Virtues sold
So meanly for seducing Gold !
Justice to thee could I dispense,
Death should avenge thy base Offence ;
But Love does all my Rage controul,
And breathes such Pity in my Soul,
Thy Blood my Hands shall never stain,
My Death alone shall end my Pain.

This Transformation fill'd the Fair
With equal Wonder and Despair;
Her blushing Guilt and trembling Fears,
Had no Reply but Sighs and Tears.

Strephon

Strephon some Days in private spent,
 To canvals o'er this sad Event;
 Thought he, my Wife's good Will, 'tis true,
 Was not remiss, but will that do?
 Can meer Intention in the Spouse
 Fix Antlets on the Husband's Brows?

Nerea, conscious of his Doubt,
 Appear'd inclin'd to help him out;
 Drink you of this same Cup, she cry'd,
 The Business it will soon decide;
 It has been form'd with so much Skill,
 Cuckolds alone the Liquor spill;
 And 'tis the constant Fate of those,
 To drench their Beards, and stain their Cloaths.

Strephon, his Scruples now to clear
 Seiz'd the long Pitcher by the Ear;

And

And soon, without one breathing Stop,
He drain'd it dry, nor shed a Drop.
This is some Comfort, sure, he cries,
And yet 'tis what I should despise;
Because my kind *Calista* would,
Have dubb'd me Cuckold if she could.

Our Spouse now led a restless Life,
And preach'd strange Lectures to his Wife ;
A Guard of Spies around her Set,
And chang'd her soon to a Coquet ;
A Wife from all Gallants debarr'd,
Begins to think that Usage hard ;
And will be vigilant to gain
The Eops she did, till then, disdain.

Poor *Strephon's* Brain was finely deckt
With all the Whims he could collect ;
From calm Repose he now retreated,
As if he dreaded much to meet it ;

Each

Each Hour he visited the Cup,
And took th' experimental Sup ;
Still Madam had no Stains upon her,
And, for Eight Days he quaff'd with Honour ;
When ah ! at last, the fatal Pot
Cascaded copious on the Set !
Who justly gain'd, by this Conviction,
Compleat Credentials for Affliction.

Now poor *Calista* liv'd alone,
Secluded in a Tower of Stone ;
Where *Strephon* vow'd his pensive Wife
Should waste in Tears her Bloom of Life ;
Each Ev'ning he resorted there,
Reproach'd the sad sequester'd Fair,
And told her neither Tears nor Time
Should e'er extenuate her Crime.

One Night, at last, his vital Frame
Rekindled with his former Flame ;

Her

Her Charms with his Dishonour strove,
And he relented into Love.
Calista, as some Authors tell,
Improv'd those tender Moments well ;
Reacted o'er each Female Art,
To mollify her Husband's Heart.

My lovely *Strephon*, cries the Dame,
My Conduct no Excuse can claim ;
But tho' I have been led astray,
I'm not peculiar in my Way,
Our Sex, of old, and down to this Day,
Were frail from *Eve* to poor *Calista* ;
And since, my Dearest, your Disgrace
Was always thought a common Case,
Why should my first Offence, tho' great,
Such Anguish in your Soul create ?

Madam, says *Strephon*, as I live,
You reason well, and I'll forgive,

The

The Moment I can chance to see
 So many in a Class with me,
 As would, if they were muster'd, yield
 A Royal Army for the Field;
 Perhaps my Shame-disclosing Cup
 May quickly make the Number up;
 All my Complaints shall then be ceas'd,
 And you, my Dear, shall be releas'd.

Our Spouse, his Project to compleat,
 Chose for the Scene his Country Seat,
 Kept open House and daily prest
 Each Passenger to be his Guest,
 And soon as the Repast was clos'd,
 The Cup's-Probation was propos'd.
 My Friends, said *Strephon*, 'tis my Fate
 To have a fair inconstant Mate,
 Who lately has her youthful Charms
 Surrender'd to a Rival's Arms

And

And shou'd you now incline to know
 If your kind Wives have serv'd you so,
 (As most wise Husbands, when they roam
 Would learn how Matters go at Home)
 Take this same Cup, and if your Spouse
 Has chastly kept her Marriage Vows,
 The Liquor in the Proof will please,
 And you may drink it all with Ease ;
 But if your Name has chanc'd to stroll,
 To *Commissary Vulcan's* Roll,
 The Wine will spout around the Brim,
 And make you in a pretty Trim.

Strephon to all propos'd the Trial,
 And none could think of a Denial ;
 But These, the Moment they began,
 Were all beslabber'd to a Man ;
 You'd hear some mutter in the Gizzard,
 And curse the Cup-Inchanting Wizzard ;

K,

Whilst

Whilst others, cozen'd in their Quaff,
Would gallantly lead up the Laugh.

The Army thicken'd fast, and grew
Fit for a general Review ;
The Troops from ev'ry Quarter come,
Without the warning Beat of Drum ;
Each Soldier of this mighty Host
Was station'd in a proper Post ;

Those whom their Wives but once did Dupe,
Were Infantry, a comely Troop ;
But Those whose Dames had less Remorse,
Form'd the Batallions of the Horse ;
Others, who met with more Disasters,
Were constituted Quarter-Masters ;
Each Alderman, swore he'd complain on't ;
Were he not prickt for a Lieutenant ;
A weakly Cuckold, justly clapt in
His Privilege to be a Captain ;

But

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But those whose Wives could scarce repent,
Were Colonels of a Regiment;
And few but a Lord Mayor could boast,
Prerogative to head the Host.

Whilst these Pretensions were deciding,
Rinaldo by the House came riding;
And *Strephon* who beheld him pass,
Invited him to take a Glass.

Quoth he, Sir, If I guess at all,
You're fit to be our General ;
Then told him what was the Probation,
And left him to his Inclination.

O ! cries *Rinaldo*, spare your Haste,
I think my Wife extremely chaste ;
And in that conjugal Surmise
Can sleep each Night with both my Eyes ;

But should my Arm be now unsteady,
Or should your Wine but make me heady,
I might in this Attempt to drink,
Be much a Fool, what e'er you think.

Strepbon, at this, did Silence call, —
This Knight is wiser than us all ;
But still our Troops in Numbers yield,
To none who dare to take the Field.
The Army now was so increas'd,
That fair *Calista* was releas'd.

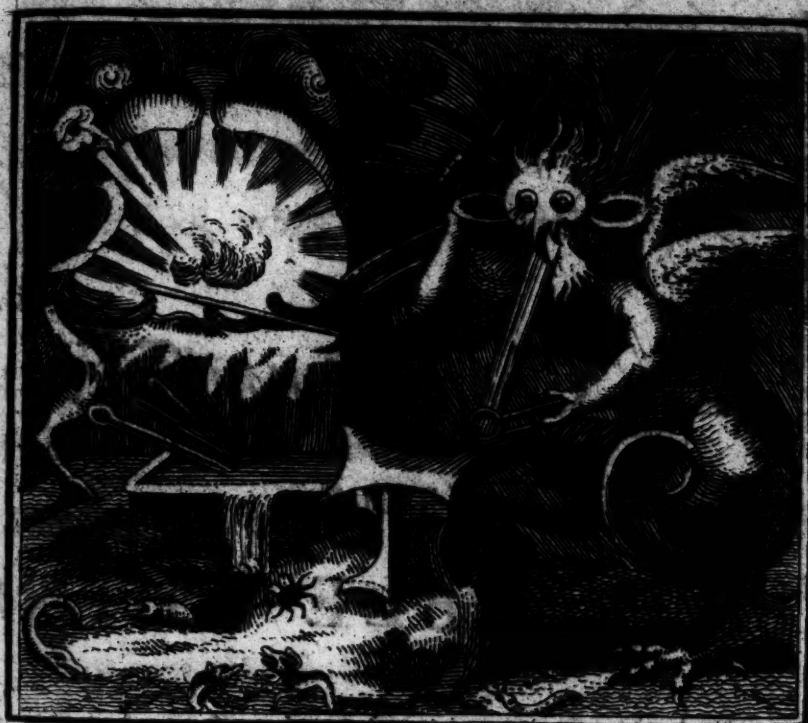
Ye Husbands, whose Suspicions plod ill,
O ! take *Rinaldo* for your Model ;
Had he once Drank, perhaps his Post
Had been Commander of the Host ;
Ev'n *Charlemain* himself had been
To blame had he been taken in.

La Chose Impossible.
THE
IMPOSSIBLE THING.
A
T A L E.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

K 3

To



TO
Sir *RICHARD STEELE*.



O thee, Dear *Dick*, this Tale I send,
Both as a Critic and a Friend ;
I tell it with some Variation
(Not altogether a Translation)
From *La Fontaine* ; an Author, *Dick*,
Whose Muse would touch Thee to the quick.

The

The Subject is of *that same Kind*,
 To which thy *Heart* seems most inclin'd :
 How *Verse* may alter it, God knows,
 Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in *Prose*.

So, without *Preface*, or *Pretence*,
 To hold thee longer in Suspence,
 I shall proceed, as I am able,
 To the Recital of my Fable.



T H E
IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A *Goblin* of the Merry kind,
 More black of Hue, than curst of Mind,
 To help a Lover in Distress,
 Contriv'd a Charm with such Success;
 That in short Space the cruel Dame
 Relented and return'd his Flame.
 The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
 Was bound by Honour and by Oath :
 The *Lover* laid down his Salvation,
 And *Satan* stak'd his Reputation.
 The latter promis'd, on his Part, —
 (To serve his Friend and shew his Art,)
 That Madam should by Twelve 'o Clock,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,

Become

The IMPOSSIBLE THING. 137

Become as gentle as a Glove,
And Kiss and Coo like any Dove.
In short, the *Woman* should be his,
That is upon Condition, — viz.
That He the Lover, after tasting
What one would wish were everlasting;
Should, in Return for such Enjoyment
Supply the Fiend with fresh Employment :
That's all, quoth *Pug* ; my poor Request
Is only never to have Rest ;
You thought, 'tis like, with Reason too,
That I should have been serv'd, not You :
But what ? upon my *Friend* impose !
No, — tho' a *Devil*, none of those.
Your Business then, pray understand me,
Is nothing more but to command me !
Of one Thing only, let me warn ye,
Which somewhat nearly may concern ye ;
As soon as e'er one Work is done,
Strait name a new one ; and so on,

Let

Let each to other quick succeed,
 Or else, — you know how 'tis agreed; —
 For if thro' any Hums or Haws,
 There haps an intervening Pause,
 In which for want of fresh Commands,
 Your Slave obsequious Idle stands,
 Nor Soul nor Body ever more,
 Shall serve the Nymph whom I adore,
 But both be laid at *Satan's* Feet,
 To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the *Lover* all approves,
 For who can hesitate that loves?
 And thus he argues in his Thought:
 Why, after all, I venture nought.
 What Mystery is in commanding?
 Does that require much Understanding?
 Indeed wer't my Part to obey,
 He'd go the better of the Lay;

But

The IMPOSSIBLE THING. 139

But he must do what I think fit, —
Pshaw, pshaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.

Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the Fair;
The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
And happy He employs the Night
In sweet Embraces, balmy Kisses;
And riots in the Bliss of Bliss.
O Joy, cry'd he, that hast no Equal!
But hold, no Raptures — mark the Sequel;
For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
The Youth began, as'twere, to yawn;
His Eyes a filky Slumber seiz'd,
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd;
But that officious *Dæmon* near,
Now buzz'd for Business in his Ear;
In haste he names a Thousand Things,
The *Goblin* plies his Wicker-Wings,

And

And in a Trice returns to ask
Another, and Another Task.
Now Palaces are built and Towers,
The Work of Ages in few Hours.
Then Storms are in an Instant rais'd,
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.
Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd :
And he, in one astonish'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
These Things, and stranger Things than these,
Were done with equal Speed and Ease :
And now to *Rome*, poor *Pug* he'll send,
And *Pug* soon reach'd his Journey's End,
And soon return'd with such a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now the 'Squire (who had some Hope
In Holy Water and the Pope)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wish, and what command ;

The IMPOSSIBLE THING. 141

Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Despair succeeds brown Study.
In this Distress the woful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counsel, for whose Sake,
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
And is this all, replies the *Fair*,
Let me alone to cure this Care.
When next your *Dæmon* shall appear,
Pray give him — Look what I hold here,
And bid him labour soon or late,
To lay these Ringlets lank and strait.
Then, something scarcely to be seen,
Her Finger and her Thumb between
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
Your Goblin's Skill shall now be try'd.

She said, and gave — what shall I call,
That Thing so shining, crisp and small,

Which

Which round his Finger strove to twine?
A Tendril of the Cyprian Vine?
Or Sprig from *Cythera's* Grove;
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
With Awe he now takes from her Hand
That Fleece-like Flower of Fairy-Land,
Less precious, whilom, was the Fleece
Which drew the *Argonauts* from Greece;
Or that which modern Ages see
The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
Whose Curls of Kindred Texture, grace
Heroes and Kings of *Spanish* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
He issues thus his strict Command.
This Line thus Curve and thus Orbicular,
Render Direct and Perpendicular;
But so Direct, that in no sort
It ever may in Rings retort.

The IMPOSSIBLE THING. 143

See me no more till this be done :

Hence to thy Task — avaint, be gone.

Away the Fiend like Light'ning flies,

And all his Wit to Work applies ;

Anvils and Presses he employs,

And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noise.

In vain, he to no Terms can bring

One Twirl of that reluctant Thing ;

Th' elastic Fibre mocks his Pains,

And its first Spiral Form retains.

New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,

And down the Depths of Sea he dives ;

This Sprunt its Pertness sure will lose

When laid (said he) to soak in Ooze.

Poor foolish Fiend ! he little knew

Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.

Old Ocean, with Paternal Waves

The Child of his own Bed receives,

Which

Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
So when to Earth *Alcides* flung
The huge *Anteus*, whence he sprung,
From ev'ry Fall fresh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
The baff'd *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what Slight to practice next;
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,
But all concur his Shame to show,
And more exasperate the Foe.

And now he pensive turns and fad,
And looks like melancholly mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon*.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then pausing meditates profound;

No End he sees of his Surprize,
 Nor *what it should be* could devise :
 For never yet was *Wool* or *Feather*,
 That could stand Buff against all Weather;
 And unrelax'd like *This*, resist
 Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.
 What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What Spinster Witch could spin such Thread,
 He nothing knew, but to his Cost
 Knew all his Fame and Labour lost.
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er ;
 'Tis said he blush'd ; 'tis sure he swore
 Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch,
 Could conquer that *Superb Mustach*.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent
 Back to the *Man* the *Dæmon* went :
 I grant, quoth he, our *Contract* null,
 And give you a *Discharge* in full.
 But tell me in the Name of Wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under)

L

What

What is this Thing? where could it grow?

Pray take it; 'tis in statu quo.

Much Good may't do you, for my Part,

I wash my Hands of't from my Heart.

In Truth, Sir *Goblin*, or Sir *Fairy*,
Replies the Lad, your too soon weary.

What, leave this trifling Task undone!

And think'ft thou this the only One?

Alas, were this subdu'd Thou'dst find

Millions of more such still behind,

Which might employ, even to Eternity,

Both you and all your whole Fraternity.





Le

Villageois que cherche son Veau.

THE

LOUT looking for his HEIFER.

A

T A L E.

From *The Hundred New Novels.*

By Mr. CONGREVE.

T so befell, — a silly *Swain*,
Had sought his *Heifer* long in vain ;
For wanton, *She* had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawn to seek the Shade.
Around the Plain *He* rolls his Eyes,
Then to the Wood, in haste he hies ;

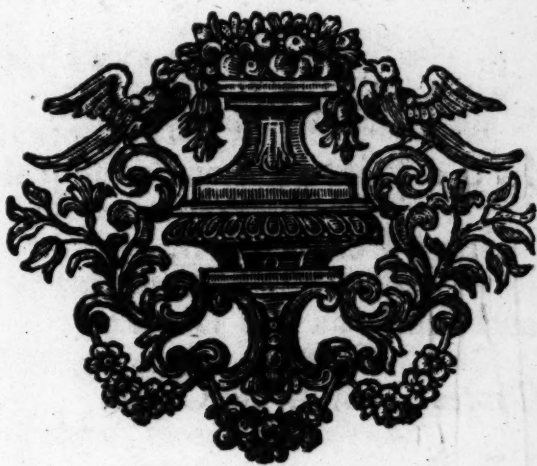
148 *Le Villageois que cherche son Veau.*

Where singling out the tallest Tree,
He climbs in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass
A jolly *Lad* and buxom *Lass* :
The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant ;
Occasion with her Forelock present :
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready ;
So lightly down he lays my Lady ;
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain Charms display'd,
Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
(With Wonder much ; more with Delight)
That loud he cry'd, in Rapture, What !
What see I, Gods ! what see I not !
But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The LOUT looking for his HEIFER. 149

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait stopt him short in mid Career :
And louder cry'd, Ho ! *honest Friend,*
That of thy seeing seest no End ;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek ?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.





Le BASTE

The SADDLE.

A

TALE.

By SAMUEL COBB, M. A.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
There liv'd a Painter, wond'rous jealous ;
Tormented with a Female Evil,
Tempting and subtle as the Devil ;
A slipp'ry *Proteus*, whom no Chain,
Nor *Spanish* Padlock could contain.
Thus she created frequent Smart
To Spouse's aching Head and Heart.

'Twas

'Twas the chief Business of his Life,
 How to confine this *Eel*, his Wife ;
 Inventive Noddle teems, at last,
 With an odd Whim to hold her fast,
 Resolv'd his Pencil-Art to show,
 (Whate'er he can't perform below)
 He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous Skill,
 On the soft Brow of *Venus'* Hill.
 Thus if she stray'd, he could, for certain,
 Know it by drawing up the Curtain.
 But ah ! how vain our Counsels are,
 And all our Plots against the Fair.
 Comes Brother Brush to take a Bout
 So, *God knows how* ! they rubb'd it out.
 But, as he was an honest Brother,
 Finding one gone, he drew another ;
 Forgetting what the first did lack,
 He clapp'd a *Saddle* on the Back.
Chloe was hugely pleas'd and smil'd
 To think how *Signor* was beguil'd,

Who reeling home one Ev'ning late,
With mellow Looks and jealous Pate,
Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
Without one dear departing Peep.

Can you distrust me, *Chloe* cries,
Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes,
Put on your Spectacles and view it,
The *Mule*, my Dear, is where you drew it,
The *Mule* I see, is fate, my Dear,
But Z—ds, who put the *Saddle* here?



(153)



Les Deux Amis.

OR,

BROTHER STARLINGS.

A

T A L E.

By Mr. FENTON.

A Brace of vig'rous hot young Gallants,
Thro' *Paris* fam'd for swinging Talents;
At making, or at acting Love,
And Beaux too, over and above.
Like *Friends* kept a fine buxom *Woman*
(Like *Friends* indeed, you'll say) in common.

First

First one of these two Sparks attack'd her,
So furiously, so like a *Hector*,
He got a Girl who to a Tittle,
Her Mother's Picture was in little ;
And these two roving Blades, and wild,
Wou'd own the fair and chopping Child ;
Both claim the Babe, and who wou'd not ?
Sweet as the Sin by which 'twas got ;
Jack, that he's sure he got her, cries
She'ad *Daddy's* Dimples and his Eyes.
That she was his, *Will Rakesbane* swore,
For *she* resembled *him* all o'er,
The *Devil* was not more like a *Moor*.
But when, at length, the *Wench* began
To grow capacious of a *Man*,
Changing their Minds, each Rake chose rather
To be the *Gallant* than the *Father*.
Cries *Jack* to *Will*, my Friend, this Lass
Is thy own Flesh and Blood, she has

The very Leer, Dear *Will*, of thee.

Z—ds, *Jack*, that Sham won't pass on me,

Cries honest *Will* to's Brother wild,

Mine is the Lass, and thine the Child.

Thou wilt, cries *Jack* to *Will*, be damn'd,

Ay, Ay, *Jack*, but I won't be bamm'd.





Sœur Jeanne.

SISTER J A N E.

A

T A L E.

By Mr. O Z E L L.

SISTER *Jane* a Bye-Blow had,
Then fasted, liv'd sedate,
Was always at her Pray'rs and fad,
Her Sisters at the Grate.

One Day, the Abbess Counsell gives,
To live as Sister *Jenny* lives ; —
To shun the World, and Company,
A Sister strait replies,
When *we* have done as much as *she*,
We too shall be as wise.

ANOTHER VERSION.

JENNY with *Holy-Heat* run mad,
A pretty little *Bye-Blow* had :
Carnalities her seeming Hate,
Her Sisters mere Coquets at Grate.
Dame Abbess bids them Truth receive,
Live Girls, as you see Jenny live ;
Forsake the World, and fly from Evil,
Your precious Souls keep from the Devil.
They, in an Instant, *All* reply'd,
Jenny is an unerring Guide,
We'll All at her Devotion be
When e'er we know as much as she.

L'Anneau

One Day, the African Council gives

To be at the African Council

To be at the African Council

African Council

At the African Council

At the African Council

NOTES

At the African Council

At the African Council

At the African Council

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L'Anneau d'Hans Carvel.

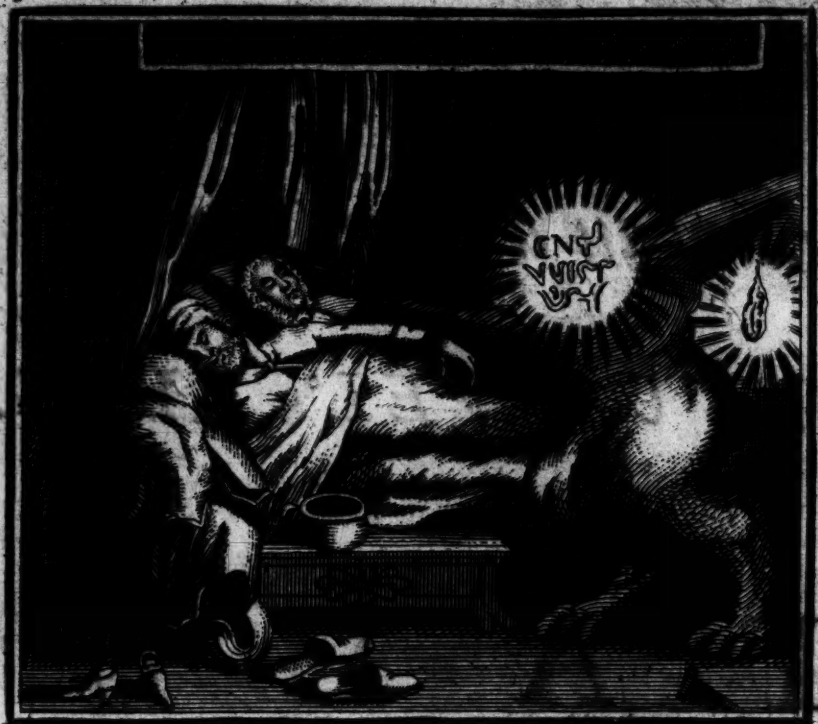
HANS CARVEL'S RING.

A

T A I L E.

From RABELAIS.

Translated by Mr. HUMPHREYS.



Parr Sculp.

HANS CARVEL, in the Wane of Life,
 Marry'd a young and sprightly Wife,
 Who brought him each corroding Pain,
 That forms the Rear in *Hymen's* Train.
 The Dame had Beauty, Fire and Wit,
 And seem'd for Love's soft Combat fit ;
 But *Hans*, from her gay Disposition,
 Prefaging Antlets and Derision,

Would

HANS CARVEL'S RING. 161

Would daily with pre cautious Care,
 Preach pious Lectures to his Dear ;
 And, to refine her Thoughts, equipt her
 With Hymns and Portions out of Scripture ;
 Told her, from Homilies, 'twas plain,
 All private Visits were profane,
 And recommended to the Fair,
 Repeated Fasts and Forms of Pray'r ;
 Warn'd her to shun each idle Flirt,
 Who thought vain Levity no Hurt ;
 Cry'd 'twas a Vice he was amaz'd at,
 That Women dress'd so, to be gaz'd at ;
 And being deeply read, and wise,
 He added all he could devise,
 To warn her from a sinful Town,
 And make his own Defects go down.

The Dame, tho' *Hans* did thus direct her,
 Found no great Matter in his Lecture ;

M

Thought

Thought Sermons could but little teach her,
Unless a Lover were the Preacher;
And, by her Conduct, she declar'd
Her Spouse his Counsels might have spar'd.

Poor *Carvel*, at this ill Success
Grew splenatic, as you may guess;
He knew his Wants and Madam's craving,
And hardly could refrain from raving;
Fancy'd he saw the Branches spread
With broad Luxuriance on his Head,
And often, in his deep Despair,
Wish'd *Death* would kindly ease his Care.

Whilst thus from Thought to Thought he past,
He gain'd a Gleam of Hope at last;
The Tale is true, and therefore mind it,
Since we relate it as we find it.

HANS CARVEL'S RING. 163

Old *Hans*, one Night, with copious Drinking,
Had quench'd the flaming Pangs of Thinking ;
And when the Dose had seiz'd his Head,
He quickly was convey'd to Bed ;
But whilst by Madam's Side he lay,
As useless as a Lump of Clay,
He fancy'd, as he then lay snoring,
He saw the *Devil* rise before him ;
Who, as *Rabelais* is pleas'd to sing,
Soon on his Finger slipt a Ring,
With these kind Words, " Dear *Hans*, thy Case
" *I pity, as I hope for Grace ;*
" *I know the Cares that on thee hang,*
" *And read thy Torments to a Pang ;*
" *But this same Ring be sure to wear,*
" *'Twill suit thy Purpose to a Hair ;*
" *For whilst thy Finger it adorns,*
" *Thy Brows will ne'er be mark'd with Horns ;*

*"Nor can thy Wife with all her Skill,
"Disbonour thee against thy Will."*

Sir *Satan*, cries our honest *Carvel*,
This is obliging to a *Marvel* !
And, tho' Returns I can't accord you,
I hope *the Lord* will well reward you.

The sudden Joy and strong Surprise
Shook off the Slumber from his Eyes,
And strangely he began to stare,
To find his Finger — *You know where.*





HANS CARVEL

Imitated

By Mr. *PRIOR*.

HANS CARVEL impotent and old,
Married a Lass of *London* Mould ;
Handsome enough ; extremely gay ;
Lov'd Musick, Company and Play :
High Flights she had, and Wit at Will,
And so her Tongue lay seldom still ;
For in all Visits who but she,
To Argue or to Repartee ?

She made it plain that human Passion
 Was order'd by Predestination ;
 That, if weak Women went astray,
 Their Stars were more in Fault than they :
 Whole Tragedies she had by Heart ;
 Enter'd into * *Roxana's* Part ;
 To triumph in her Rival's Blood,
 The Action certainly was good ;
 How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd ?
 O ! that dear Conqu'ror of the World !
 She pity'd *Betterton* † in Age,
 Who ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told,
 Where newest *India*-Things were sold ;
 So in a Morning without Bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*,

* See that Character in *The Rival Queens : Or, The Death of Alexander the Great*. Written by *Nathaniel Lee*, Esq;

† Mr. *Betterton* play'd the Part of *Alexander*.

To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen;
What else could so much Virtue mean?
For to prevent the least Reproach,
Betty went with her, in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care,
She without fail was wak'd at Ten;
Drank Chocolate; then slept again;
At Twelve she rose, with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddled on by two:
Then, does my Lady dine at home?
Yes sure:—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to spend the Afternoon;
And not come home again too soon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day;
A Turn, in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably dark.

168 HANS CARVEL'S RING.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain ;
 Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain ;
 He thought of what he did not name ;
 And wou'd reform, but durst not blame :
 At first he therefore preach'd his Wife
 The Comforts of a pious Life :
 Told her how transient Beauty was ;
 That all must die, and Flesh was Grass :
 He bought her Sermons, Psalms, and Graces ;
 And doubled down the useful Places.
 But still the Weight of worldly Care
 Allow'd her little Time for Prayer.
 And *Cleopatra* was read o'er ;
 While *Taylor*, *Scot*, and Twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Lay unmolested on the Shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet ;
 No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it.

In short, the Trade was still the same ;
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor *Carvel* cry'd,
Another Batt'ry must be try'd :
What if to Spells I had recourse ?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The End must justify the Means ;
He only sins who Ill intends :
Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil ;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him and he's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miss's Elbow, when she lies ;
Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars :
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans

Hans Carvel, lay aside your Grief,
The Devil says, I bring Relief:
Relief, says *Hans*, pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir—*Satan*:—Sir, your Slave;
I did not look upon your Feet,
You'll pardon me ;—Ay, now I see't :
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell?
Our Friends there, did you leave them well?
All well ; but prithee, honest *Hans*,
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaisance.
The Truth is this, I cannot stay
Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day.
For, *entre Nous*, we hellish Sprites
Love more the Fresco of the Nights;
And oftner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore, as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears shall end :
Go then this Ev'ning, Master *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel ;

Let

Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care;
 Whilst I the great Receipt prepare:
 To Night I'll bring it by my Faith;
 Believe, for once, what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little;
 Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
 Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
 The Colonel and my Lady's Cozen.
 The Meat was serv'd; the Bowls were crown'd;
 Catches were Sung; and Healths went round:
Barbados Waters for the Close;
 Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose.
 The Colonel toasted to the best;
 The Dame mov'd off to be undrest:
 The Chimes went Twelve; the Guests withdrew;
 But when or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
 Some modern Anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair;

From

From thence was carry'd off to Bed,
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was disturb'd, new Sorrow :
Which *Hans* must answer for to-Morrow.
In Bed then view this happy Pair ;
And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid ;
The Duty of the Night unpaid :
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,
That made her hate both Him and Rest ;
By such a Husband, such a Wife !
'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.
The Lady sigh'd, the Lover snor'd ;
The punctual Devil kept his Word :
Appear'd to honest *Hans* again,
(But not at all by Madam seen)
And giving him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King :
Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan's* sake ;

'Twill

'Twill do your Bus'ness to a Hair.
 For long as you this Ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the Ring with Joy extream,
 (All this was only in a Dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his Joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point—
 What Point, said she, you ugly Beast?
 You neither give me Joy, nor Rest :
 'Tis done,—What's done, you drunken Bear?
 You've thrust your Finger G--d knows where.





THE
FAIR NUN.

Upon the PLAN of
Fontaine's IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A
T A L E.

— — — *Ire per Ignes,
Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,
Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi Crine. —*
Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.

By Mr. FENTON.



E sage *Cartesians*, who profess
Ourselves sworn Foes to Emptiness,
Assert, that Souls a Tip-toe stand
On what we call the *Pineal Gland* ;
As Weather-Cocks on Spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each Blast.

This

This granted, can you think it strange
We all shou'd be so prone to change ;
Ev'n from the Go-Cart, 'till we wear
A Sattin Cap i'th' Elbow Chair ?
The Follies that the Child began,
Custom makes currant in the Man ;
And firm by Livery and Seisin,
Holds the Fee-simple of his Reason.

But still the Gusts of Love we find
Blow strongest on a Woman's Mind :
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent Cause, th'Effect is true ;
For Proof of which, in Manner ample,
I mean to give you one Example.

Upon a Time, (for so my Nurse,
Heav'n rest her Bones ! began Discourse ;)

A lovely Nymph, and just Nineteen,
Began to languish with the Spleen.
She who had shone at Balls and Play,
In Gold Brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the Growth of Vice,
A very *Prude* in half a Year ;
And most believ'd she was sincere.
Necklace of Pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her Pray'rs.
Venus, and all her naked *Loves*,
The Reformado Nymph removes ;
And *Magdalen*, with Saints and Martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective Quarters.
Nor yet content, she cou'd not bear
The Rankness of the publick Air ;
'Twas so infected with the Vice
Of luscious Songs and Lover's Sighs.
So most devoutly wou'd be gone,
And strait profess herself a Nun.

A Youth of Breeding and Address,
And call him *Thyrfis* if you please,
Who had some Wealth to recompense
His slender Dividend of Sense :
Yet cou'd with little Thought and Care
Write tender Things to please the Fair ;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd Beau ;
(For Fops thus naturally rise,
As Maggots turn to Butterflies.)
This Spark, as Story tells, before
Had held with Madam an Amour ;
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper Cue ;
And on the Wings of Love he flies
To Lady Abbess in Disguise ;
And tells her he had brought th'Advowson
Of Soul and Body to dispose on.

Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In Petticoats without a Beard,
Fond of a Profylite, and Fees,
Admits the Fox among the Geese.

Here Duty, Wealth, and Honour prove,
Tho' Three to One, too weak for *Love* :
And to describe the War throughout,
Wou'd make a glorious Piece no doubt :
Where moral Virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight, and fall again :
Love shou'd a bloody Myrtle wear,
And, like *Camilla*, fierce and fair,
The Nun shou'd charge.—But I forbear.

All human Joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
Are seldom (more's the Pity !) lasting :
The Nymph had Qualms, her Cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' Effects of Zeal.

But

But she, poor she, began to doubt,
(Best knowing what she'ad been about;)
The Marriage Earnest-Penny lay
And burnt her Pocket, as we say.
She now invokes, to ease her Soul,
The Dagger and the poison'd Bowl;
And, self-condemn'd for Breach of Vow,
To lose her Life and Honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a Strain, as
Your craz'd *Monimias* and *Roxanas*.

But as she in her Cell lay sighing,
Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The Fiend (who never wants Address
To succour Damsels in Distress)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal Cause for which she griev'd;
But promis'd her *en Cavalier*,
She shou'd be freed from all her Fear;

And with her *Thyrsis* lead a Life
Devoid of all domestic Strife,
If she wou'd sign a certain Scrawl—
Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all.
She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to fet him to.

The Criticks must excuse me now ;
'They both were freed, no matter how :
For when we *Epic* Writers use
Machines, to disengage the Muse,
We're clean acquit of all Demands,
The Matter's left in abler Hands ;
And if they cannot loose the Knot,
Shou'd we be censur'd ? I think not.

The Scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For Pomp and Pleasures who but they,
Who might do ev'ry Thing but pray ?

Madam

Madam in her gilt Chariot flaunted,
 And *Pug* brought ev'ry thing she wanted ;
 A Slave devoted to her Will :
 But Women will be wav'ring still.
 Ev'n Vice without Variety
 Their squeamish Appetites will cloy,
 And having stol'n from Lady Abbess
 One of our merry modern *Rabbies*,
 She found a Trick she thought wou'd pass,
 And prove the Devil but an Afs.

His next Attendance happen'd right
 Amidst a moonless stormy Night,
 When Madam and her Spouse together,
 Guess'd at his coming by the Weather.
 He came : To Night, says he, I drudge
 To fetch a *Heriot* for a Judge ;
 A gouty nine-ith'-hundred Knave :
 But, Madam, do you want your Slave ?

I need not presently be gone,
Because the Doctors have not done.
A rosy Vicar and a Quack
Repuls'd me in my last Attack ;
But all in vain, for mine he is ;
A Fig for both the Faculties.

The Dame produc'd a single Hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear ;
Yet this I will affirm is true,
It curl'd like any Bottle-Scrue.
Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,
We Ladies are fantastical :
You see this Hair—*Yes, Madam*—Pray,
In Presence of my Husband stay,
And make it strait : or else you grant
Our solemn League and Covenant
Is void in Law. — *It is, I own it :*
And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a Cheat
If wetting wou'd not do the Feat :
And 'twas, in truth, a proper Notion ;
But still it kept th'elastic Motion.
Well ! more ways may be found than one,
To kill a Witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its Nature,
This Hair has flourish'd nigh the Water.
'Tis crisp'd with Cold, perhaps, and then
The Fire will make it strait again.
In haste he to the Fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before !
The more it warms it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven Foot, and chaf'd ;
The Husband and the Lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
He shou'd not find it Hammer-proof.
No *Cyclops* e'er at work was warmer,
At forging Thunder-bolts or Armour,
Than *Satan* was : but all in vain ;
Again he beats.—It curls again !
At length he bellow'd in a Rage,
This Hair will take me up an Age.
This take an Age ! the Husband swore,
Z—ds *Betty* has five hundred more.
More ! Take your Bond, quoth *Pug* ; adieu,
'Tis Loss of Time to ply for you.



La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.

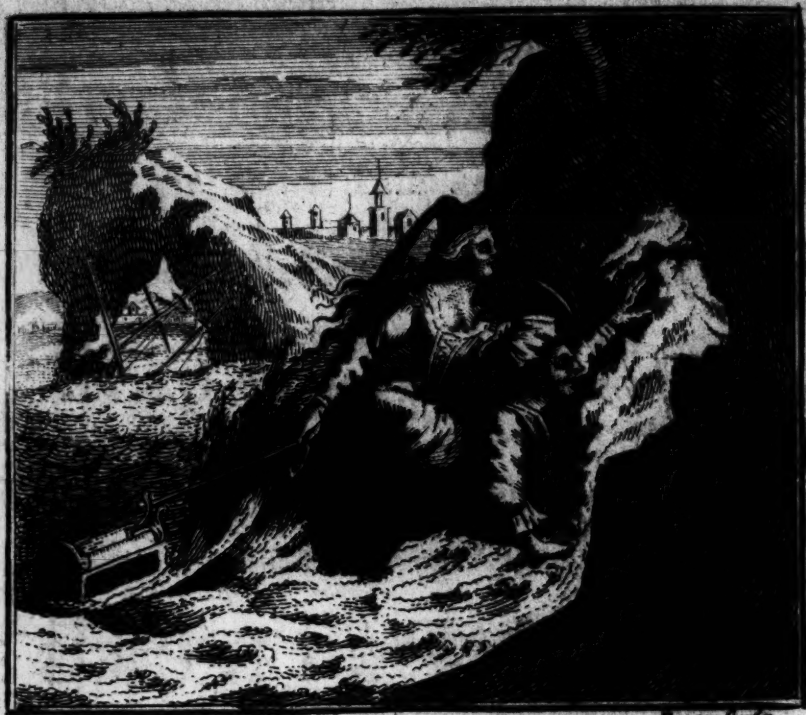
THE

Betrothed PRINCESS.

A

NOVEL.

Translated by Mr. HUMPHREYS.



Parry del.



L L Facts, in these fallacious Days,
Are told a thousand various Ways ;
In Songs, indeed, and such gay Fancies,
No Author's blam'd if he romances ;
But Things of Weight, with Truth's Attendance,
Should always pass to our Descendants ;
And we with Justice censure those
Who chouse Posterity in Prose ;
But there's a Latitude in Rhyme,
And Bards may fib without a Crime.

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 187

Our fair *Alaciel* is a Lass
Whose Feats in Poetry may pass;
And since I have, for my Behoof,
Of from my Author kept aloof,
Added and chang'd, which is, in my Sense,
Conforming to the Muse's Licence,
The Reader, if he thinks the Tale
Has made the Heroine too frail,
May disbelieve the whole, and cry
This Novel seems to be a Lye.
My Alterations I'll maintain
Can make no living Nymph complain,
Nor is *Alaciel*, now she's dead,
One Jot the worse for all I've said.
My Author is my Guide, I own,
In Two selected Points alone;
And these you'll find, when laid before ye,
Have most Importance in the Story;

The

188 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

The first avers, in Foreign Lands,
 This Damsel past thro' many Hands;
 My Voucher makes the Number *Eight*,
 All previous to her Royal Mate,
 Who, as the second Point declares,
 Ne'er rackt his Brain with jealous Cares,
 But with a cool unaching Head,
 Took kind *Alaciel* to his Bed ;
 And after all her past Donations,
 Found Charms enow for his Occasions ;
 Howe'er that Matter be, the Fair
 Had strange Adventures to her Share ;
 Repeated Shocks she did sustain,
 And chang'd her Man, and chang'd again,
 And still submissive to her Fate,
 She passively chang'd on to *Eight*.

But let no Prude presume to blame
 The Conduct of our gentle Dame,

Since

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 189

Since whatsoe'er they're pleas'd to mention,
She acted with a good Intention ;
And all the Favours she bestow'd,
From Gratitude or Pity flow'd,
Or else from Dread of worse Abuse,
Which surely is a just Excuse ;
And her affianc'd Monarch ne'er
Mist'd one Perfection in his Dear,
But thought he cropt her Virgin Charms,
Tho' Eight Gallants had fill'd her Arms ;
And she, for fear the Truth should grieve him,
Was careful not to undeceive him.

That some Deceptions of this Strain
Unheeded pass, we all maintain ;
Yet one wou'd think *Eight* Predecessors
Should teach Men to be better Gueffers ;
But Affirmation or Denial,
I leave to those who make the Trial,

And

190 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

And now proceed, because my Preface
You'll cry too long by half a Leaf is.

In *Egypt*, the renown'd *Zaira*,
The Sultan reign'd of *Al Kabira* *,
But what enhanc'd his Glory higher,
He was the bright *Alaciel's* Sire,
And lov'd so tenderly the Fair,
No Fondness cou'd with his compare,
And Heav'n ne'er form'd a Maid before,
Who merited that Fondness more ;
Beauty she had, and Shape and Air,
More than sufficient for her Share ;
And she was most obliging too,
As in the Sequel we shall shew.

Fame daily did her Praises sound
Thro' all the Provinces around ;

The Arabic Name of *Grand Cairo*.

The

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 191

The King of *Garba*, in his Court,
Grew amorous at the Report ;
And by an Embassy he try'd
To gain the *Princess* for his Bride ;
Fortune conspir'd to aid his Flame,
And he succeeded in his Claim.

But Love, with an unlucky Dart,
Had pierc'd the Royal Virgin's Heart,
Yet she so well conceal'd his Malice,
No Mortal knew it in the Palace :
Kings Daughters can be very private,
When Love's the Business that they drive at,
Tho' sure they find it mighty painful,
To sigh and yet appear disdainful ;
They're Flesh and Blood, and often sleep ill,
And wish and pine like other People.

Hispal, a Lord of lively Spirit,
In Person perfect and in Merit,

And

192 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

And thought by ev'ry Maid and Man,
 An Honour to the *Alcoran* ;
 Had by the Magic of his Eyes,
 Made soft *Alaciel's* Heart his Prize ;
 And she, to punish his Assurance,
 Had his fast manacled in Durance ;
 But, to escape bad Observations,
 They both conceal'd their Depredations ;
 Yet often, by a languid Look,
 Would hint the Pangs they gave and took.

While they were thus themselves inflaming,
Garba's good Monarch threw his Claim in ;
 The *Divan* join'd in their Opinions,
 That she should sail to his Dominions,
 And by the *Sultan's* fond Command,
Hispal must see her safe to Land ;
 Alas ! poor *Sultan*, thou did'st guess ill,
 To trust both Parties in one Vessel,

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 193

It had been wiser, had'st thou there
Consign'd her to another's Care.

They scarce had sail'd a Week, before
A Pyrate's Pinnacle on them bore ;
No naval Fray could well be smarter,
Each Party seem'd to catch a Tartar ;
The fierce Assailants, train'd to Blows,
In Murder's Art surpass'd their Foes ;
Dexterity and Numbers too,
They join'd, the sooner to subdue,
But gallant *Hispal's* brave Defence
Long kept the Battle in Suspense.

At last, in Spite of all his Check,
Twice ten grim Felons gain'd the Deck ;
Grifanio a gigantic Man,
Led Death and Horror in the Van ;
Round *Hispal* now the raging Crew
A Circle found of dreadful View ;

O

But

But low his broad vindictive Blade
A bleeding Heap of Corsairs laid ;
His Eyes with gleamy Sparkles flam'd,
And with each Wound he kill'd or maim'd.

But while the Strokes his Arm was dealing,
Made his Foes curse their Sense of Feeling,
Grifanio to the Cabin flies,
To seize the Princess for his Prize ;
He knew the Vessel bore, in State,
The fair *Infanta* for its Freight ;
And fiercely vow'd the Royal Dame
Should gratify his guilty Flame :
Around the Fair he claspt his Arms,
But not contented with her Charms,
He seiz'd a shining Casket too,
That glitter'd in his fordid View ;
And was with beamy Diamonds deckt,
With other Tokens of Respect,

Which

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 195

Which Lovers to their Ladies give,
And they as willingly receive ;
For *Hispal*, in their Navigation,
Had made her such a Declaration,
So rich, so humble, and so tender,
She thought it could not well offend her ;
At least she quickly was pleas'd,
For Want of Time to be displeas'd.

The savage Pyrate had the Pleasure
To seize the Princess and her Treasure,
But was not in a good Condition
To keep his lawless Acquisition :
The Ships that had been grappled tight,
When the bold Crew began the Fight,
Were forc'd a scanty Space asunder,
While fierce *Grifanio* rush'd from Plunder ;
And as from *Hispal's* Bark, his Pride
Would pass with one extended Stride,

196 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

The Hero, with a matchless Blow,
 Divided him from Top to Toe;
 Half the huge Bulk, with headlong Motion,
 Dropt, like a Mountain, in the Ocean,
 Hud'ling, in haste, a *Pater-noster*,
 And calling *Mahomet* Impostor;
 His other half, in woeful Plight,
 On *Hispal's* Deck stood bolt upright:
 The Laugh, at this diverting View,
 Perhaps had split the Gazers too,
 Had not the Princess, in the Sea,
 Plung'd with his other Moiety;
Hispal, who saw the Fair One sinking,
 Leapt in without a Moment's thinking;
 And both the Vessels being quite in
 An awkward State with so much smiting,
 And having each its Pilot lost,
 Were now at *Neptune's* Pleasure tost.

Death

Death soon had made the cloven Giant
To quit his Prize grow very pliant ;
Th' *Infanta*, by her Robe sustain'd,
The Aid of *Hispal* quickly gain'd ;
But Fortune left the Lady's Lover
No Hopes his Vessel to recover,
Since that was distant half a Mile,
And must elude his utmost Toil :
A Ridge of Rocks much nearer rose,
And he resolv'd to swim to those,
Which did, tho' Ships had perish'd there,
Prove friendly to our floating Pair ;
Some Authors likewise have declar'd
The Casket like the Owner far'd ;
For being to a Line made fast,
That circled the *Infanta's* Waist,
She sav'd it from the Waves Embargo,
Which else had robb'd her of the Cargo.

Brave *Hispal*, thro' the liquid Track,
Bore the fair *Princess* on his Back,
And did the rocky Harbour gain,
Tho' not without repeated Pain :
Their drowning Fears, no longer heeded,
By those of Famine were succeeded ;
No Vessel, on the vast Expanse,
Allur'd their melancholy Glance ;
The Sun shut up the bankrupt Day,
And stript the Skies of ev'ry Ray ;
Nor did the Moon inclining seem
To give him Credit for a Beam ;
But Night came on with such a Frown,
As if it meant to keep him down :
What should our Couple find to eat !
Cold Marble was a wretched Treat ;
And Hunger, in that horrid Place,
Star'd them, insulting, in the Face.

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 199

And to compleat their Anguish past,
Ev'n Hope itself sneakt off at last ;
The cruel Pangs they then did prove,
Rose in Proportion to their Love,
Which is as much as if we swore
No Lovers e'er were tortur'd more ;
Because, in this unlucky Pother
They suffer'd both for one another.

When some sad Moments thus were past,
Hispal, the *Princess* said at last,
Let us, in this poor Situation,
Resolve to take some Consolation ;
Since all our Tears, if I am right,
Will furnish no Repast to Night ;
And should they flow at any Rate,
They ne'er will soften surly Fate ;
For, if Heaven pleases, we must die
As soon as if our Eyes were dry ;

And sure I think it's in our Pow'r
To chear our Hopes tho' now they low'r,

Madam, cries *Hispal*, I discover
No Hopes in this Place for a Lover;
Ah ! could I — but aright I guesſe,
This is no Scene for Tenderneſs ;
And I muſt own 'twould give me Pain
To find you in a melting Strain ;
I could, indeed, undaunted brave
Fierce Famine and the dreary Wave ;
But O ! whene'er I think on you,
How dreadfully they meet my View !
The *Princeſs*, at theſe Words, no more
Could hide the Anguiſh that ſhe bore ;
Her Tears, in their expensive Sorrow,
Wept all the Anguiſh they could borrow ;
And as for Sighs, no Virgin's Breſt
Could e'er of more be diſpoſſeſt.

Hispal

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 201

Hispal who saw that Grief amiss,
Reliev'd it with a *timely Kiss* ;
But whether *that same Kiss* was granted
By her soft Thoughts of *what he wanted*,
Or how she did *that Blessing* spare,
We can't, at present, well declare.

When many mutual Vows were past,
Our Hero thus discours'd at last ;
In this Distress, since we endure
A Death that seems to us so sure,
What matters it if Fate will cramp us
By some keen *Eagle* or a *Grampus* !
We can, at least, but once be swallow'd,
And ev'ry Grave alike is hallow'd :
We then, amidst these Waves, may lie in
As good a Tomb as we can die in ;
And therefore would it not be good
To trust our Persons to the Flood ?

I could

I could be glad to plunge each Limb in,
 For I've a Faculty at Swimming;
 Which may, if you can bear the Shocks,
 Transport us to those distant Rocks;
 The Wind to that kind Quarter blows,
 And with that Wind the Ocean flows;
 Let us embrace the happy Season,
 While we the Waves can float with Ease on
 From Shoal to Shoal, by taking Breath,
 We may elude the Fears of Death.

The *Princess*, free from Hesitation,
 Agreed to try that Navigation;
 And now the Lovers are, once more,
 Plung'd in the Water as before;
 The *Casket* too was their Companion,
 Fasten'd behind to *Hispal's* Banian,
 And he, as Breezes blow'd, convey'd
 From Rock to Rock the *Royal Maid*.

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 203

Two Days, and fasting all the while,
They both sustain'd this tedious Toil;
The tenth Essay, at last to Shore,
The Youth, the *Dame*, and *Casket* bore.
One Question here, perhaps, the Reader
May ask, concerning our Procedure;
'Tis this, and I suppos'd he'd ask it,
What means this Mention of the *Casket*?
Why should this little gay Machine
So often in your Verse be seen?
Is it a Matter of such Moment?
It is, indeed, and should be so meant:
And as the Tale will soon explain it,
You'll find I'd Reason to retain it.
To land our Pair had sure been cruel,
Without one Guinea or a Jewel;
They must have made a blessed Time on't,
Had they been stript of ev'ry Diamond;
No People yet were ever known
To live on Air and Love alone.:

Our

Our *Casket*, for that weighty Reason,
Will seem a Circumstance in Season,
Since it provided Rings and Locketts
To store with Gold the Lovers Pockets :
Some *Hispal* fold, and 'tis alledg'd
That others in good Hands were pledg'd :
The Profits rose so high that he
Purchas'd a Castle near the Sea :
This Castle, as Historians mark,
Was seated in a verdant Park,
Within whose ample Circuit stood
A Growth of Elms that form'd a Wood,
Beneath whose mild commodious Shade,
Our happy Pair were often laid :
And now, kind Reader, you'll conclude
How much their Friend this *Casket* stood,
Since it so opportunely paid
For Castle, Park, and Elms and Shade.

In this sequester'd Woodland Spot,
Nature had form'd a pleasing Grot,
And wisely, in its silent Womb,
Had shed a most convenient Gloom,
Which made the peaceful Mansion prove
Exactly dark enough for Love ;
And sure it seem'd projected there,
On Purpose for that soft Affair.

Our Lovers, one Day, chanc'd to rove
Amidst the Mazes of the Grove,
When *Cupid*, by an artful Plot,
Their Steps conducted to the Grot ;
And *Hispal*, by Degrees, at last,
Disclos'd his Passion as they past ;
His Words, in Part, his Thoughts exprest,
And rising Sighs declar'd the Rest ;
Whilst she irresolute appear'd,
And trembling blush'd at what she heard.

Fair

Fair *Princess*, said the Youth, we here
Have no intruding Eye to fear ;
This Land so distant from our own,
Keeps us secluded and unknown ;
Then let us such a Scene improve,
And dedicate our Days to Love.
By what Constraint can we be crost ?
Your Father's Court believes us lost,
And, doubtless, thinks we're in the dark
And spacious Entrails of a *Shark*.
Let Love's soft Precepts then instruct you,
Or bid me to your Spouse conduct you.
But why should you reserve your Charms
To bless an unknown Monarch's Arms,
When you are, by my Ardours here,
Convinc'd my Passion is sincere ?
What Point of Honour can oppose
Your charming Solace of my Woes ?

Has

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 207

Has not my long tormented Heart
Sustain'd its ample Share of Smart ?
And have not you, by coy delay,
Giv'n each Decorum its full Play ?

Whilst *Hispal* his Harangue pursu'd,
In Terms that would have Rocks subdu'd ;
She, with a Bodkin, on a Beech,
Seem'd to engrave her Lover's Speech ;
Tho', in Reality, amus'd,
With other Thoughts that Love infus'd :
The pleading Youth, and secret Shade
To Softness sooth'd the tender Maid ;
She knew the Trees could ne'er discover
What she transacted with her Lover ;
And Privacy, on those Occasions,
Will often whisper strange Temptations.

With such enchanting Snares beset,
The Nymph resisted with Regret ;

The

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The Spring, in this serene Retreat,
 Had lavish'd each inviting Sweet ;
 Each Plant confess'd its bloomy Pow'r,
 And Fragrance breath'd from ev'ry Flow'r :
 In that gay Season youthful Maids
 Think gentle Thoughts in Lawns and Glades ;
 And fancy that, in Beauty's Prime,
 A kind Compliance is no Crime.

How oft have Swains, by patient Care,
 Gain'd the last Favour from the Fair,
 Who when the Suit did first begin,
 Have thought a pleasing Smile a Sin ?
 Love, when they least suspect his Pow'r,
 Leads on the soft unguarded Hour ;
 Some Nymphs, in Interviews, have lost
 A Glove which Frowns and Struggles cost ;
 But e'er those Interviews were o'er,
 They kept a Virgin's Name no more.

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 209

And vow'd that they could hardly dream
How Matters came to that Extream.

The *Princess*, now, and *Hispal* stood
Before the Grotto in the Wood ;
That Place he told her, with a Smile,
Invited her to rest a while ;
But she declar'd she rather chose
To walk, and needed no Repose ;
'This mild Refusal was so faint,
It seem'd to authorize Constraint ;
The Service past of her Adorer
In all its Merit rose before her ;
When he, by the Relief he gave,
Sustain'd her on the broken Wave,
And quell'd, by his Victorious Arms,
Th' Invader of her Virgin Charms :
What Blessing then could she bestow,
Which to his Aid she did not owe ?

P

It

It would be better sure, said he,
Now to secure a Friend in me,
Than coldly wait till Haggard Time
Divests you of your lovely Prime.

Whilst the bright Maid her Thoughts conceal'd,
Which now were prompting her to yield;
The fable Clouds began to low'r,
And melted in a sudden Show'r;
The Lovers soon for Shelter sought,
And you may guess 'twas in the Grot;
The Sequel too of this Affair,
Whate'er it prov'd, was acted there;
The Fair One's Conduct you may blame,
But Ladies oft have done the same,
When they, to justify the Deed,
Had no Excuse, like this, to plead.

Their blissful Moments were, at last,
Not always in the Grotto past;

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 211

In Love the Pangs of Hesitation
Are conquer'd by the first Donation ;
And when that Scene has once been play'd,
Sunshine will serve as well as Shade.

Had Trees the Gift of Speech, to shew
What Feats were acted where they grew,
It sure would yield much Recreation
To hear this Grove's Confabulation :
An *Oak* would cry, here *Garba's* Spouse
In Rapture lay beneath my Boughs ;
There, says an *Asb*, and swears he knows 'em,
Young *Hispal* panted on her Bosom ;
On this same Spot, replies a *Sapling*,
Loves Feast they snatcht, without a Chaplain ;
Here, cries a shabby *Stump*, they came,
And kiss'd and clasp'd with so much Flame,
That 'tis a Mercy, by my Soul,
They ne'er calcin'd me to a Coal,

While they their wanton *Ardours* follow'd, —
But they have scorch'd me to a *Pollard*.
The *Park*, if form'd for Conversation,
Had blab'd as much as the *Plantation*;
But could the *Castle* talk his Fill,
His Tongue perhaps had ne'er been still.

Our Lover's Bliss, like other Joy,
In Length of Time, began to cloy;
And they, if we may trust Report,
Wish'd to revisit *Egypt's* Court;
The *Princess*, first, that Inclination
Discover'd in this kind Oration.

Hispal, I vow, as Heav'n is true,
No Mortal charms my Soul like you,
And should you scruple that Belief,
You soon would see me die with Grief:
But what is Love, with all its Fires,
When Fears are absent and Desires?

These

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 213

These fan the pleasing Flame by Turns,
But when they cease, no more it burns :
I fear, to us, this Sylvan Bloom
Will prove a Desert or a Tomb ;
O *Hispal* ! by the Tears I shed,
Relieve me from that dismal Dread !
Haste to my Father's Court, and there
Learn what Constructions I must bear,
When your Relation shall disclose
How we surviv'd a Length of Woes ;
Whate'er you're order'd to reveal,
The Place of our Retreat conceal,
And say you came, with loyal Care,
For my Arrival to prepare ;
A potent naval Force obtain,
To guard my Passage o'er the Main ;
Believe me, *Hispal*, you shall find,
If you are faithful, I'll be kind ;
And whether I receive from Fate,
A nuptial or unnuptial State,

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You ne'er, if you with me remain,
Shall once have Reason to complain ;
And I must be most strictly guarded,
If your Deserts go unrewarded.

The fair *Infanta's* Speech prevail'd,
And *Hispal* took his Leave and sail'd ;
To *Egypt* came in good Condition,
And soon accomplish'd his Commission ;
A pompous Squadron left the Port,
But *Hispal* was detain'd at Court ;
Not that the Sultan did suspect
His Daughter had been indirect,
But he had other Reasons, known
To none, perhaps, but him alone.

The Convoy, when some Days were past,
Dropt Anchor near the Park at last ;
Part of the Crew the Commodore
Thought fit to station on the Shore ;

The

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 215

The Rest his Province 'twas to head,
And these he to the Castle led.

This Officer was young, and far
Above the Breeding of a *Tar*;
His Person such, and such his Mien
As are, in Sailors, seldom seen :

The Moment he the *Princess* view'd,
Her radiant Eyes his Soul subdu'd ;
And he, as one might well discover,
Grew fit for nothing but a Lover ;
The Captain felt it to his Cost,
But as no Time was to be lost,
He, while they waited for a Wind,
Told the *Infanta* all his Mind ;
But she, as may be well suppos'd,
Resented what he then disclos'd.

Mankind, sometimes, by feign'd Despair,
 Gain kind Receptions from the Fair;
 And as our Hero, for his Part,
 Love's Common Place Book had by Heart;
 He plotted, like an artful Shaver,
 To starve himself into her Favour;
 A Stab had been an aukward Trick;
 Alas! that operates too quick!
 And leaves few Moments for Repentance
 To mitigate one's final Sentence!

When first the Captain's Resolution
 Had put his Scheme in Execution,
 The *Princess*, who believ'd him wild,
 At his fantastic Folly smil'd:
 One Day he in this Penance past,
 Nor once vouchsaf'd to break his Fast;
 The pious Fair One begg'd in vain,
 That he would from that Crime refrain:

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 217

The second Day her Heart began
To yearn for the abstemious Man :
Thought she, what must those Brutes deserve,
Who let their Fellow Creatures starve,
When they by some small Complaisance,
Might hinder such a sad Mischance !
In Pity, then, she did consent
To give his Crayings full Content,
And shew'd by Smiles and twining Arms,
Her Charity in all its Charms ;
Or else she ne'er, by meer Intreating,
Had brought the Captain to his Eating.

But whilst our Spark was thus employ'd,
And thought he never could be cloy'd,
A roving Corfair, on the Coast,
Landed with his pyratic Host,
And, like a graceless Butcher, slew
The am'rous Captain's station'd Crew.

And

And then, with Slaughter all deform'd,
He suddenly the Castle storm'd.

Our fasting Lover curst his Fate,
But ah ! poor Man, he curst too late !

A Whisper, from officious Fame,
Did, to the Pyrate's Ears, proclaim
The curteous Favours of the Fair,
And he resolv'd to have his Share.

A while the Nymph disdain'd his Suit,
And call'd him an immodest Brute ;
But that could ne'er his Heart perplex,
For he had study'd well the Sex.

Madam, your wisest Way will be
To fix a faithful Friend in me,
Cries our good Corsair, with a Laugh,
For I'm a Pyrate and a half ;
You caus'd an honest Man to fast,
Till he had almost breath'd his last ;

But

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 219

But you shall fast as well as he,
If you're unmannerly to me;
We Sailors always have the Spirit
To deal with People as they merit.

What could the poor *Infanta* say!
Necessity will ne'er give Way;
And when we deal with lawless Force,
Compliance is the wisest Course;
For if we add to our Affliction,
'Tis, to all Sense, a Contradiction:
If Pity for the Captain's Pain,
Could make her act against the Grain,
Why should she to herself be squeamish,
And magnify each little Blemish?

But, to allow the Dame her Due,
She yielded with a prudent View;
For had she starv'd for not complying,
She'd chose an idle Way of Dying;

'Twas

'Twas Wisdom then to condescend,
Since her Affairs requir'd a Friend,
And she, to gain the Pyrate's Heart,
Took all he gave her in good Part.

But this same Pyrate, had he been
As fam'd for Prudence as for Sin,
Would have convey'd the Lady o'er,
Directly to a safer Shore ;
But who, from Destiny can run ?
Prudence in Love ? Alas there's none !

While this Gallant was now employing
The swift wing'd Time in wanton Tying,
Fortune (who, always, when we wake,
Is sure her stated Nap to take,
But is as watchful as a Hare,
When we, to Slumbers, fly from Care)
New Mischief in her Mind was brewing,
As you'll perceive by what's ensuing.

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 221

A potent Lord, not far from thence,
Had fix'd his splendid Residence,
And being blest with Wealth and Leisure,
Devoted both to Scenes of Pleasure;
The young *Infanta's* spreading Fame
Had lately set him in a Flame;
And he resolv'd to take no Rest,
Till he her Person had possess;
Gold he enjoy'd, and Friends and Credit,
And we'll suppose, in Course, some Merit;
Two Thousand Vassals, in a Clan,
Which he could muster to a Man,
Were always ready Night and Morning,
To serve him at a Moment's Warning;
These he assembled on a Plain,
And then harangu'd 'em in this Strain

Shall we, with unaffected Eyes,
Behold our Friend a Pyrate's Prize?

Shall

Shall he then gorge his Crew with Booty,
And injure such celestial Beauty?

No, let us with united Labour,
Haste to avenge our lovely Neighbour;

And if we rush to sudden Fight,
The Castle we may storm to Night;

The Pyrate's Treasures, more or less,
You have my License to possess;

For my Part, I shall only claim

The Honour to receive the Dame;

Not that my Purpose I pursue

With that vile Pyrate's carnal View;

I only mean, as Heaven directs,

To save her Honour and Effects.

His Lordship's Speech was so inviting,

The Clan seem'd all agog for Fighting;

But he, with much Discretion, thinking

Their Valour would improve by Drinking,

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 223

Set all his Butts abroach, till they
Each Palpitation wash'd away
And now the Troop, e'er Night was ended,
The Castle storm'd as they intended;
The Corfair Crew, who thought no Foes
Would e'er intrude on their Repose,
Took but one Step from Sleep to Death,
And snor'd, and perish'd in a Breath;
Their Leader next was hang'd on high,
And groan'd his last 'twixt Earth and Sky;
The Victors then, with dutious Care,
Led to their Lord the rescu'd Fair.

The Pyrate's Love so little pleas'd her;
Such Fears, this Night, had likewise seiz'd her;
Her Treatment, from her brave Defender,
Was so submissive and so tender,
That all these mixt Considerations
Gave her no Taste for Lamentations.

To

224 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

To quit the Castle she was glad,
 As thinking it a Scene too sad;
 Besides, meer Prudence would direct her,
 To pass some Days with her Protector,
 Because his Mansion, she must own,
 Was much securer than her own :
 Some Authors, likewise, have declar'd,
 Her Memory was so impair'd,
 That her last Lovers she, no more
 Remember'd, when that Night was o'er;
 The Fact I fancy may be true,
 Perhaps the Reader thinks so too.

A rich Apartment, brightly deck'd
 With all that Grandeur could collect,
 Receiv'd the beauteous Guest, and there
 A Splendid Feast regal'd the Fair;
 Her youthful Host and Lover, here,
 Made all his shining Pomp appear ;

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 225

A chosen Vintage, sparkling, stor'd
The Bowls that glitter'd on the Board;
And tho' *Alaciel* had till then,
Thro' all her Intercourse with Men,
In strict Obedience to her Law,
Abstain'd from Wine with pious Awe;
Yet now she, unregardful, quaff'd,
Alternately, a social Draught;
Nor e'er suspected, till that Hour,
The Glow of its seducing Power;
Her Reason once resign'd its Throne,
To Love's malignant Heat alone;
But now a new invenom'd Flame
Shot swift thro' all her vital Frame;
And both, as the Events declare,
Too oft are fatal to the Fair.

Alaciel, by her Womens Aid,
Was gently to her Bed convey'd,

Q

Where

226 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

Where this same Lord unheeded came,
 When they had left the sleeping Dame;
 As judging her defenceless Charms
 Might need his hospitable Arms.
 Ay, cries some candid Reader, there,
 You've guess'd directly the Affair;
 It was not Love, for what Temptation
 Had Charms that wanted all Sensation?
 Yes surely, says a drolling Rake,
 His Lordship came for Conscience sake;
 Tho' had I then been in his Station,
 Her Charms had soon gain'd Animation.
 Well, Sirs, the Point you both discuss,
 I find, at last, was ended thus;
 The Fact I only mean to mention,
 Do you decide the true Intention.

Bacchus, and Morpheus, and My Lord,
 This Night were all of one Accord;

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 227

And as my Author says, who knows all,
Each had the Nymph at his Disposal ;
But Wine and Sleep, tho' Godheads both,
To leave her were so little loth,
That e'er the Tell-Tale Dawn of Day,
With one Consent they flunk away ;
Consigning all her matchless Charms,
To her Protector's Guardian Arms :
But ah ! when she unclos'd her Eyes,
How shocking was her first Surprise,
To find herself, in such a Place,
Incircled in a Man's Embrace !
With such strange Terrors she was seiz'd,
She let him act whate'er he pleas'd ;
And in her destitute Condition,
Repeated oft the same Permission ;
One Night, he told her o'er and o'er,
Was much the same as twenty Score ;
Resign the first Caress to Force,
The rest will always come in Course.

The *Princess* fram'd no Contradiction,
As always open to Conviction;
His Lordship, then, as you may guess,
Gain'd all he panted to possess;
And having thus convinc'd the Fair,
New Conquests soon became his Care.

One Ev'ning, he a Friend selected,
To do what no Friend e'er rejected:
This Night, said he, to my fair Ward,
The Honours of my House accord;
And when the Midnight Hour of Rest
In balmy Slumber lulls your Guest;
My Place, befriended by the Gloom,
In her indulgent Bed assume;
But let no Taper's needless Ray,
Your Person to her View betray;
And whilst your Pleasures you pursue,
Remember to be silent too;
With these Precautions, you may gain
Blest Favours — if you're in the Vein;

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 229

But be as courteous as you can ;

'Th' *Infanta* loves a *well bred Man*,

What Mortal could refuse to lend

A helping Hand to such a Friend?

Our Intimate, with much Delight,

Approv'd the Province of that Night,

Poor *Princess* ! fated to endure

The Torture of a new Amour !

His Lordship's Delegate obtain'd

A Bliss too fierce to be sustain'd ;

I mean with Silence, for which Reason,

He cry'd, tho' something out of Season,

O heavenly Nymph ! Transporring Fair !

O Joys too exquisite to bear !

These Accents, in his raptur'd Heat,

Too well attested the Deccit ;

The Lady at the Fraud exclaim'd,

As dreading much to be defam'd,

Q 3

While

While he, his Conduct to defend,
Threw all the Blame upon his Friend.
Your mighty Wrongs avenge, said he,
By lavishing your Charms on me ;
Grant me the softest Sweets you can,
To mortify that faithless Man ;
And since his Judgment is so dim,
Carefs me in Despight to Him.

The Dame, who found the Hint judicious,
Thought it no Sin to be malicious ;
Her Rage dispos'd her to accord
Each Bliss she guess'd would pique my Lord ;
And if you'll credit what's related,
'Twas Noon e'er her Revenge abated.
The Friend perhaps was much contented,
To find her Wrongs so well repented ;
But all those Proofs of her Disdain,
Gave the good Lord but little Pain.

Thro' five Adventures, I, with Care,
Have safely led the Royal Fair;
The Sixth, which I shall now unfold,
Must in a vary'd Strain be told;
Perhaps you think I mean to grant
She chose, herself, the next Gallant;
No; that Concession would, in me,
Be Scandal in the worst Degree;
Since Truth obliges me to paint
The Lady acting by Constraint;
Her Spouse had on his Nuptial Day,
Eight Harbingers — but what are they?
No Mortal, in that Name, discovers
A Sense that points out chosen Lovers;
I then from all Intentions of Ill,
Acquit her, and resume my Novel.

His Lordship, when he thought his Friend
Wish'd his Commission at an End,

In Haste to the Apartment came,
To mollify the angry Dame;
Who, soon as he implor'd her Pardon,
Thought it a Crime her Heart to harden;
Mild Clemency is always good
In Ladies born of Royal Blood.

Thus was the Nymph, who meant no Ill,
From Swain to Swain transmitted still;
What vacant Hours she had to spare,
Tho' these indeed were very rare,
She, in her Damsels Conversation,
Devoted to her Recreation;
But none, of all the Female Train,
Like *Chloe* could her Favour gain;
This Sprightly Maiden, like her Betters,
Had got a Captive Heart in Fetters;
The Owner was a gay Gallant,
Whom Beauty's Frowns could seldom daunt;

But

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 233

But willing to be fond and wife,
Was wond'rous frugal of his Sighs,
And would, with the severest Prude,
Begin where others oft conclude.

One Day, when our impatient Blade
Was roving in the Green-Wood Shade,
He opportunely chanc'd to meet
His *Chloe*, in that cool Retreat;
And conscious of the friendly Hour,
He led her to a Neighb'ring Bow'r :
Th' *Infanta*, thoughtless of his Plot,
Was seated near that pleasing Spot ;
But she remaining undescry'd,
All Interruption he defy'd ;
And thinking that the Fair, of Course,
Their Favours chuse to yield to Force,
He clasp'd young *Chloe* in his Arms,
Intent to rifle all her Charms.

The

The Nymph was seiz'd with sudden Fear,
 As knowing the *Infanta* near ;
 For tho' she might be much inclin'd,
 In proper Seasons, to be kind,
 Her Bounty, at a Time like this,
 She wisely judg'd would prove amiss ;
 And finding all her best Resistance
 Too faint to keep him at a Distance,
 She quickly caus'd the Bow'ry Glade
 To eccho with her Cries for Aid.
 At this Alarm, the Princely Dame
 Sprung to the Place from whence it came ;
 Or else poor *Chloe* had sustain'd
 A Loss that's ne'er to be regain'd.

Our moody Swain, at this Proceeding,
 Forgot each Puncto of good Breeding,
 And swore that either One or t'Other
 Should quench the Flame he scorn'd to smother :

By

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 235

By Heaven ! says he, I'm none of those
Who shrink from what they once propose;
And, e'er we part, 'tis my Intention
To taste a Joy I need not mention;
I think the Lot will best declare,
Whose Favours I am now to share ;
Then take your Chance without a Fuss;
Another would have us'd you worse.

Ah ! what has my poor Lady done !
Cries *Chloe* in a melting Tone ;
Can it, with Justice, e'er be said,
That she should suffer in my Stead ?
Yes, says the warm Gallant, why not,
If she's so fated, by the Lot ?
But you too soon your Pity shew,
Perhaps the Chance may fall to you.

No ! cries the *Princess*, I will ne'er
Consent to such a sad Affair !

Nor

Nor shall *this Innocent* comply
With your base Wish, while I am by ;
I sooner would sustain for her,
The worst Extreame that can occur.

The Lot, which now was interpos'd,
This charitable Contest clos'd ;
And if we may believe the Story,
It gave the *Princess* all the Glory ;
For she most kindly took upon her,
To save her Damsel's Virgin Honour.
Young *Chloe* curtsey'd and withdrew,
Since that was all she had to do ;
And vow'd she ne'er, to Friends or Foes,
Her Lady's Goodness would disclose.

But our rude Swain was not so gallant,
For Secrecy was ne'er his Talent ;
His Bosom would have burst with Spleen,
Had he conceal'd this pleasing Scene ;

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 237

And therefore, lest his Health should suffer,
He quickly did the whole discover.

This Change of Favourites became
A Nuisance to the gentle Dame;
She griev'd a *Helen's* Part to lavish
On each vain *Paris* who could ravish;
But Fate seem'd fixt in the Design
To make her prudent Patience shine.

One Day, beside a shaded Stream,
Elusive of the Noon Day Beam,
The God of grateful Slumber shed
His softest Poppies on her Head;
But while to his calm Power resign'd,
On bloomy Flowrets she reclin'd,
A Knight, in shining Arms array'd,
Came panting to the breezy Shade:

He

He was, by his Profession, one
Of those who round the Regions run,
To hunt down Fame, and were attended
By some fair Damsel they befriended;
Who on a Milk-White Palfrey seated,
Was ne'er with prurient Passions heated,
But lov'd her Hero as her Brother,
And liv'd as modest as her Mother.

Our Man of Arms was all on Flame,
When he beheld the sleeping Dame;
Her ruby Lips and lilly Breast,
In their attractive Charms confest,
Presented such a Scene of Bliss,
As prompted him to steal a Kiss;
But he, from his careering Steed,
Had scarce alighted on the Mead,
When the bright Nymph unclos'd her Eyes,
And view'd him with a chaste Surprise.

Fear

Fear not, said he, my lovely Fair,
Your Safety is my chosen Care ;
I am no Giant, by this Light !
My Title is an Errant Knight,
Who, in this Grove, beholds in you,
Such Charms as Heaven can hardly shew.
He then proceeded to impart
The kindling Ardours of his Heart ;
No mortal Man, tho' e'er so watchful,
In Love's Affairs was more dispatchful :
He offer'd his victorious Arm,
To guard her from each threaten'd Harm ;
And utter'd all that, in such Cases,
Is said to gain a Lady's Graces ;
Th' *Infanta* lik'd his Proffer well,
And her sad Tale began to tell ;
Her *Six Gallants*, I own, were ne'er
Once mention'd by the cautious Fair ;
For she too generous was grown,
To let her Bounties e'er be known.

The

The Knight to her Discourse attended,
And bow'd respectful when she ended ;
'Twas then, his teeming Fancy wrought
An artful Scheme of sudden Thought,
To make the State of her Affairs
Subservient to his am'rous Cares ;
And hearing her, with Sighs, deplore
Her Exile on that savage Shore ;
He promis'd, e'er the Moon had shed
The Horns then planted on her Head,
In *Egypt*, or in *Garba*, he
Would land her as she should agree.

In *Garba*, Sir? reply'd the Fair,
And why will you conduct me there?
Would Heaven my Purpose not withstand,
I'd rather see my Native Land.
No more, he cry'd, leave that to me,
Your Native Land you soon shall see,

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 241

If you some kind Returns will make,
To all I suffer for your Sake ;
For should the Life consuming Pain,
Your Eyes have caus'd me to sustain,
Destroy me in my manly Prime,
(Which ah ! may you prevent in Time !)
In lonely Wilds you may be left,
Of my protecting Aid bereft ;
But might I now my Thoughts explain,
Without provoking your Disdain,
My Services may claim from you,
Some soft Endearments as their Due.

The Nymph would no Disputes create,
But thought his Reasons had some Weight ;
And soon declar'd her kind Agreement
To each Particular as he meant ;
The Compact was exprefs and plain,
And form'd without the least Chicane ;

R

Her

242 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

Her Favours were sedately rated,
Their Quality and Number stated;
And she, to shun all future Jargon,
Advanc'd enough to bind the Bargain;
The Rest was to be paid, as they
Dispatch'd their Journey, Day by Day.

The Knight, when Matters were compleated,
The *Princess* on the Crupper seated;
And she ne'er bid, e'er they withdrew,
Her hospitable Host Adieu.

Our Warrior, his attending Train
Had station'd on a Neighb'ring Plain;
These joy'd; at his Return, to find him
With such a beauteous Charge behind him.

In this same Troop the Knight had posted
A Nephew, of whose Worth he boasted;

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 243

And, in his Absence, left him there
Consign'd to his Præceptor's Care.
We soon, for this young Spark, shall find
Some Business suited to his Mind.

An easy Pad, both swift and tame,
Was now provided for the Dame ;
The Knight rid social by her Side,
And always to amuse her try'd,
With some smart Speech he had to say,
To pass the tedious Time away.

The Treaty was, at baiting Stations,
Perform'd in all its Stipulations ;
The Knight to his Engagements stood,
The Lady was as just and good ;
Each Clause was settled by the Letter,
No Merchants could have ballanc'd better ;
From Favour they to Favour past,
Till to the Sea they came at last.

They then embark'd, and honest Ocean
To disconcert them had no Notion ;
The Gales diminish'd to a Calm,
To save the *Princess* from a Qualm ;
Ev'n *Boreas* ceas'd his blustry Cough,
As if the Knight had bought him off,
To let this artful Son of *Adam*
Receive more Sallary from Madam.

Their Vessel was for *Joppa* bound,
And there they landed safe and sound ;
But as they some Refreshment needed,
Two Days they stay'd e'er they proceeded ;
Their Journey then they did renew,
But their Attendants were so few,
As made 'em seem, without the City,
A tempting Bait to the Banditti.
These Sons of Rapine soon attack'd 'em,
The *Princess* scream'd, her Hero hack'd 'em,

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 245

But tho he made 'em quit their Ground,
He gain'd, alas ! a mortal Wound.
As Death was then what he expected,
His youthful Nephew he selected,
Enjoin'd him to escort the Fair,
And tend her with his Uncle's Care ;
The Surplus of her Favours too,
He then bequeath'd him as his Due.

Th' Executor, with much good Nature,
Obey'd the Will of the Testator ;
The *Princess*, with the strictest Honour,
Clear'd off th' Incumbrance charg'd upon her,
And on her Father's Frontier Lands,
Paid him in full of all Demands.

The Nephew, to prevent Suspicion,
There left her in a good Condition ;
But first consign'd her to his Tutor,
Thinking his Age would better suit her.

This

This Tutor, with a sober Port,
Convey'd her to the Sultan's Court,
And the fair Dame with all her Charms,
Presented to her Father's Arms.

To image out the tender Greeting,
At such an unexpected Meeting ;
With all the Joys of that dear Hour,
Exceeds my Muse's utmost Pow'r ;
And I would hasten like the Sun,
Who when his Race is almost run,
Plumps in the Sea with such a Bound,
You'd swear he hurry'd to be Drown'd,

Our Tutor, who was ne'er for baulking
His old Propensity to Talking,
Strange Wonders of the *Princess* told,
Vow'd she was worth her Weight in Gold ;

And

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 247

And to his Text so nicely kept,
The Sultan bless'd his God, and wept,
While she, as you may well believe,
Laught, not a little, in her Sleeve.

Sir, cries the good Man, it would grieve me,
Should not your Majesty believe me,
With as much Faith as bids us hope,
Our *Mahomet* will fouse the *Pope*.
When *Hispal* from the *Princess* parted,
All vain Delights she disregarded ;
And conscious that each wayward Course,
From Idleness, deriv'd its Source ;
She grew most studious to adore
The God whose Altars grace that Shore :
His Temples, and his Chapels ne'er,
Could all be number'd in a Year ;
Their usual Names are *fragrant Groves*,
Genial Ruelles, and *soft Alcoves* ;

And,

248 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

And, tho' the Fact may seem absurd,
 The Idol is a *little Bird*,
 Whose Portrait a gay Form assumes,
 But tinctur'd Wings are all his Plumes;
 The Worship too, you'll think as odd,
 In one peculiar, as the God;
 All Nations else, wheree'er I've been,
 Devotion with *Old Age* begin;
 But there, the Natives, in good Truth,
 Are most religious in their Youth.
 Ah Royal Sir! did you but know,
 How well your Daughter did bestow
 The Hours of her devoted Time!
 How fervent, in her early Prime!
 You'd bless your Fate, in Rapture caught,
 That such a Child You e'er begot!
 This Land, in other Customs too,
 Varies from those observ'd by you;
 The Ladies have no Checks to pain 'em,
 No *posted Eunuchs* to restrain 'em,

But

The BETROTHED PRINCESS. 249

But may, with unremitting Ease,
Resort and Visit where they please :
The Men are all well bearded there,
And most obsequious to the Fair :
The *Princess*, Sir, without Advice,
Learn'd all their Manners in a Trice,
With such Facility, as few
Could e'er be capable to shew.
The Sultan, at this fine Relation,
Was lost in Joy, and Admiration ;
And we some Days, must needs bestow,
To give his Transports all their Glow ;
The *Princess*, when their Warmth was o'er,
Prepar'd for *Garba's* Court once more ;
Attended with a Train so great,
As suited well the Sultan's State.

Her Spouse, when she arriv'd at Court,
Thought she so much surpass'd Report,

S

And

250 *La Fiancee du Roi de Garbe.*

And grew, that Moment, so enamour'd,
 His Voice, in broken Accents, stammer'd ;
Alaciel form'd her Story so,
 And fib'd in such an easy Flow,
 That the good King, and all his Peers,
 In dumb Surprise prickt up their Ears.
 Midnight came on, and she was led,
 In Splendour, to the Royal Bed ;
 Where Matters were so well effected,
 No *Predecessors* were suspected ;
 And sure the Bride, with this Event,
 Had Reason to be well content.

This Tale some Husbands may apprise,
 (Who think, perhaps, they're wondrous wise)
 That their soft Spouses, Love-Delights
 May chance to taste e'er Nuptial Nights ;
 Tho' they, good Men, with all their Skill,
 Ne'er dream their Mates have acted ill.

But let me, *Fair-ones*, as a Friend,
To you some Caution recommend ;
Since *Garba's Kings* are Birds so rare,
In *France* but seldom, they appear ;
Custom has, here, made *Hymen* prove
The due Concomitant of Love ;
No Secret can avail, like this,
To guard young Nymphs from what's amiss ;
I hold your Friendships chaste and pure,
But *Cupid's Wiles* are oft so sure,
That, to those Friendships, they impart
A Tinge of Love that taints the Heart :
Fly, then, from his seducing Pleasures,
And break the Urchin's artful Measures ;
But if his Blandishments should e'er,
Delude a Damsel to the Snare ;
I think, in that Case, she had best
Turn her Incaution to a Jest :

It

It would be well, had she the Pow'r
To keep, uncropt, her Virgin Flow'r;
But if 'tis pluckt, I still must own,
She has no Call to hang or drown.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

